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The Journal

WOFFORD COLLEGE

Recalled to Life
Harold Miller

Joan of Arc
Reid H. Montgomery

The Coffee Pot
J. E. Harbin

CONTRIBUTING
L. C. Harrelson — B. J. Johnson
W. C. Ezell

OCTOBER NUMBER
1929

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A DAILY THOUGHT

By L. C. Harrelson

As the days go passing by,
  Autumn breezes gently blowing;
Birds are nestling, hear them cry?
  And the leaves from trees are flowing.

Nature's always changing things.
  Before our eyes we see each day,
Works of One who always brings
  Luck to those who toil and pray.

There's a chance to do some good.
  Do you pass it simply sighing
Or truly show your brotherhood,
  By helping those who keep on trying?

Today's the day to begin aright,
  If our goal we must attain;
Then the pathway's always bright,
  And our hopes are not in vain.

RECALLED TO LIFE

By Harold Miller

THE trial entered into its last day. In fact, according to the "Daily News," it had entered its last day three days ago. It had announced that "Bingo" Sparks, surrounded by an array of lawyers, had failed, apparently, to secure his release, and that one of the most malignant gangsters in the city would probably lose his fight for life. But that was three days ago. Even "Bingo" now admitted that it was the last day. Last-minute witnesses, long speeches, irregularities and an unusually noisy crowd had made the trial last longer than it should. "Bingo" recalled those few words about him in the "Daily News." No newspaper had ever dared print anything so plain in reference to him. It had disgusted him. He had thrown down the paper in rage, and refused to look at anything in print.

"Bingo's" crime was murder—the murder of Marie Dressler, a beautiful young actress, who had last been seen with him, and later slumped down in her apartment with a bullet in her head. But "Bingo's" defense was an alibi of which his counsel had made the most. And talk and threaten, ponder and plan as much as they could, the prosecution had not been able to prove him actually guilty of the crime. True, he had had an engagement with her that evening; true, he had walked down the avenue with her until he found a cab; true, he had dined with her in a restaurant; true, "Bingo" could have added, he had killed her when their quarrel was at its height. But no confession was ever going to come from his lips. He was going to act as if his lips were sewed and grown together. You wouldn't find him condemning himself, when they didn't have a thing on him. Not a thing! They couldn't prove a thing! "Bingo's" head jerked upward suddenly, because he became conscious of all those eyes boring into his back. He'd have to watch himself, or he'd be saying something despite himself. Too much denying and thinking! But the thing did get on his nerves, even for all his stoicism.

He glanced around. What on earth was everyone so quiet for? A few days ago the noises they made had driven him wild, and now, the quiet set his nerves jerking and shaking all over. A sense of expectancy and a hum of noise had hung over all the other trials he had been in. But it was not so in this case. There was not a sound. Everyone in the room was composed and quiet. Suddenly, there was a stir of noise toward the front. He looked up to see the judge enter. Already the jury had filed into its box, self-consciously dignified. Murray prodded him with a pencil and whispered, "Get up."

Well, he needn't have yelled so loud. Guess if he wanted to, he could tell Murray something. Did his defense counsel think he didn't have any experience in this court

of justice. Huh! He guessed not. That was funny. He could tell all these grinning, staring idiots something, if he wanted to. But he'd have to watch himself, he mustn't think like this. It was dangerous.

The gavel rose and descended.

"The prosecution will now be resumed," the judge announced.

"Your Honor," replied the Attorney-General, "the prosecution has no more witnesses."

"Very well, let the defense proceed."

"Your Honor," began Murray, "the defense has no more witnesses. But it surely does not require any additional proof to convince the court that my client is guiltless. What? Is the American citizenry to be oppressed by the very government it once created? Can no righteous, honest man live a quiet and serene life, do ordinary things and not escape the tenacles of the law? Let us review the facts of the case. My client visits the murdered woman. He leaves her apartment in her company at half after six, dines and accompanies her to the theatre where she is playing. After a few minutes in her dressing room, he descends into the audience, where he remains until the play is ended. He returns to her dressing room, and leaves the stage with her by the back entrance. They spend a couple of hours in pleasure. Ten minutes before one, he leaves her front entrance after he had taken her home. He returns to his hotel, where he remains in the lobby until two o'clock. He retires immediately upon going to his room. The hands of the murdered woman's watch fixes the time of the tragedy at 1:35. Is it possible that anyone could imagine my client guilty? Even if the facts of the case did not decree it impossible, how can one reconcile the murder with the amiability existing between the two? They had spent the entire evening in the best of spirits. Did not everyone know of the emotion that my client showed when the death of his sweetheart was learned? Is it not an injustice that he should be accused? It is not justice! It is the work of factors opposing law and order. For political reasons, the law finds it expedient to find a criminal for every crime, and as no other could be found, this one, my client, was chosen for the purpose. If justice was to be served, it demands the instant release of my client."

Murray sat down. The speech had a queer sound in "Bingo's" ear. It did not seem that Murray, the lawyer, was speaking, but an imposter who had taken his place and was speaking, as dramatically as possible, lines written by another. But he supposed that it was because Murray was arguing his guiltlessness when it should have been otherwise. He had to keep a close clamp on his mind and his mouth.

The Attorney-General arose.

"Your Honor," he said, "the prosecution has just secured another witness. It would be expedient to have her on the stand."

"Let the witness be called."

The order was irregular. Yes, it was, thought "Bingo," and so did the thronged courtroom. But Marie Dressler was not without friends and powerful avengers. They were seeing that justice was administered.

"Bingo" did not look up as the witness ap-

proached the stand. In fact, he was so concerned in thinking that he did not hear the oath-taking nor the question.

But the first answer of the witness brought horror to him. "Bingo," startled, shot a frozen glance at her. He struggled to his feet, gasped at the effort, stifled a scream, and ran, hiding his eyes from the figure on the stand. Horror possessed him, physically and mentally. His eyes, shot full of blood, refused to look at the witness. Convulsively, he shouted. Suddenly the officer put him back in his chair. He doubled over, incoherently muttering and mumbling. Murray's face froze and he called, "Sparks—what?"

The Attorney-General was leaning over him, listening attentively.

Out of chaos, came order. The crash of the gavel stilled and seated the throng. Even the hysterical "Bingo" was quiet, glowering like something demonized.

"The prisoner has confessed," the Attorney-General had addressed the judge. "But I still desire to question the witness who has caused this turmoil."

"Proceed," said the judge.

"What is your occupation, Miss Reaves?"

"I am an actress. I was the understudy of Miss Dressler." The woman on the stand spoke quietly and distinctly.

"How do you account for the uneasiness of the prisoner on seeing you?" asked the prosecutor.

Then came the explanation.

"To my knowledge, the prisoner has never seen me before or as an understudy of Miss Dressler. But, being an understudy to her, and having a voice remarkably like hers, I had trained myself to speak very much like her. But beyond that, I was Miss Dressler's double, which was one reason why I was chosen as understudy. The prisoner must have taken me for the murdered woman's ghost."

"Bingo" Sparks stared with fascinated eyes.

THE SPLENDOR OF NIGHT

By L. C. Harrelson

THE day is slowly passing—the sun is radiating the western horizon. The birds, seeking a night's rest, make curious silhouettes against the dying sky. Lower, lower sinks the great orb of day, and slowly, darker and darker becomes the twilight.

Look—Yonder in the heavens appears one, two, three, now countless stars, glowing with sparkling brilliance, and beautifying the earth as though it were a candle held by God's own hand. The moon is barely visible in the east, shining with its faint, yellow brilliance. The panorama of heaven's show is now at its height. The moon rises higher and higher, and the stars become even more glorious and more infinite in their ethereal splendor.

Shadows play mysteriously along earth's surface; a light breeze ruffles the dark leaves of the trees with a queer, rhythmic motion. Night's splendor is at its height.

JOAN OF ARC

By Reid H. Montgomery

THE BRITISH have erected a church on English soil in honor of Joan of Arc. This is interesting and unusual because five hundred years ago, Joan led the French to victory over the English. Still more interesting are the names of some of those who contributed toward the building of the church. Among them are the names of descendants of Joan's leading contemporaries, including the family of Lord Talbot, who was captured by the Maid's forces, and heirs of the Duke of Beaufort. Representatives of all the monastic orders which helped condemn Joan to the stake were present at the laying of the cornerstone.

It is unusual for a nation to honor the leader of an army that overcame it. How did this young girl, for she was only nineteen at the time of her death, merit such a signal honor? We rather think the English forgot that Joan was ever French and honored one of the purest and noblest maidens that ever lived.

Joan of Arc, or Jeanne D'Arc, third daughter of Jacques and Isabella D'Arc, was born on the sixth of January, 1412. Her parents were simple peasants, living in the little village of Domremy in Lorraine. As a girl, Joan helped her mother with the tasks about the home, and, perhaps, helped tend her father's sheep. She lived simply and purely; she was fond of going to church and other holy places, and she spent much of her time in communion with the saints.

Joan grew up in the midst of war and devastation. At the head of France was a poor, young king, Charles VII, a youth who was "denied by his mother and robbed of his inheritance by the English." He was ready to flee from his nation. He doubted himself, his victories, and even France. His court and people shared his doubts. A lack of unity predominated the whole of the nation. France was on the verge of becoming a mass of ducal estates, conquered by the English.

During this dark period, a girl of sixteen entered world history. Joan of Arc, through sheer will power and the signs of the presence of divine guidance, carried everything before her — king, armies and the common people. At the head of the armies, she had inspired the soldiers to recapture the beleagued city of Orleans. She defeated the English troops, and paved the way for the crowning of her king at Rheims. On July 17, 1429, Charles VII, led by this girl of seventeen, was crowned king of France in the Cathedral of Rheims.

A year later, beseiged by hostile English and jealous French, Joan fell into the hands of her enemies. She was tried as a sorceress, was subjected to all kinds of sufferings, and finally burned at the stake in Rouen. One of the English king's secretaries, after witnessing the gruesome spectacle, made the remark, "We are lost; we have burnt a saint."

This achievement of Joan's is nothing short of miraculous. She was uneducated and knew nothing of the rules of war or the in-

trigues of court. She was unused to the hardships of the battlefield. How, then, did she do things that no other man or woman could have done for France?

An Austrian noble says of the power of Joan: "This Maid with simple belief and a pure heart, this child and heroine had a better idea of what was happening than all the generals, ministers, priests and scholars put together. How did she gain this wisdom? Because she was a genius in matters of the heart and the will. Belief alone made her valorous. She owed her strength to her deep sympathy for her suffering countrymen."

Joan was always guided by divine voices. At Domremy she was told to go to the aid of her king and to save France. All through her trials on the battlefields and in the courts, she was under divine guidance. She confessed and prayed often.

She had so great a belief in the justice of her cause, so much faith in its outcome, and so great a determination that those who were around her could not help but catch her enthusiasm. The coarse French soldiers gave up their drinking and carousing, under her influence. She aroused in them such a deep love for their nation that nothing could stop them. They became united for one cause. The French soldiers were not fighting for Joan, but for the rights of their king and nation. Such was the leadership of this girl. Faith works wonders—Joan had faith.

AMONG THE CLOUDS

By A Dreamer

Let me climb to the mountain's height,
And gaze at the glorious sky;
Let me climb through the fresh, cool air,
As the soft, fleecy clouds sail by.

I would go in the crisp, cool morn,
While the dew is still on the way,
And the brilliant sun just begins
On the trip through the new-born day.

I would live on the lofty height,
And look at the heavenly sky,
And rejoice that the beauties were
For just such a human as I.

HARD TIMES

By B. J. Johnson

THE scene could just as well have been on a canvas—everything was so still and cold. The stars and the moon, with their gray, chilly, over-hanging shelter, looked as if they had been cut from ice. In the background, far away, the outline of the squatted, dark green mountains could faintly be seen, meeting the sky. Everywhere it was as light as day.

At the foot of a hill, blown clean of vegetation by driving, sweeping winds, nestled a small, rambling, rain-beaten hut. A picket fence, part of which had fallen down, surrounded it. In the enclosure a few dwarfed, leafless trees stood like half-starved soldiers keeping guard over a forsaken fort.

The deep silence was broken by a dog sending out over the hilly country a prolonged, mourning, wailing, ominous howl.

An aged, stooped woman opened a shuttered window on rusty hinges, a leaking pot was emptied of its contents, then the window was closed again.

It was just a short time after the vessel was emptied that two figures approached on the top of the nearer mount. Soon they came to the hovel and stopped before the door. A hand reached for the latch; there was a hoarse whisper:

"S-s-sh! Step in quietly, dear. Poor things!"

The man entered the room after the lady, then shut the squeaking door to keep out some of the bitter cold. The two, with chattering teeth, trembling frames, and sympathetic faces, leaned against the poorly constructed door, watching the scene being enacted before them.

Seated beside the wooden bed in a rickety chair was a woman, probably sixty or seventy years of age. The lamp, getting low in oil, shining directly on her, but giving little light because of the lightness of the room and stars, brought out every feature of the old woman's face.

The bronze skin of her face was furrowed deep with wrinkles; her unkempt hair was stringy and hung down her neck and into her face. Her pitiful gray eyes were half closed—lifeless and tired! They were set on something lying before her.

The tan face seemed to have been chiseled from stone, or molded from bronze, but it wasn't, for the bloodless lips moved:

"My snuff?" she asked in a trembling, subdued voice, expecting no answer.

Raising her head, she stared about the room, her eyes darting from object to object. She was mentally lost, like a person awaking after being unconscious for days. Her sleepy eyes came to rest on a round tin box, blackened by use, on the board tacked above the fireplace. She got up stiffly and tottered to the mantelpiece, her slouchy, filthy dress dragging the dirty, ill-laid floor. In the chimney the fire was slowly dying, for there was no more wood with which to feed it.

As in a trance, the decrepit woman took the box from the mantel, worked the lid

from it, then stood gazing into the container for fully a minute. It seemed as if she were trying to stare through the bottom of it. She laid the lid and box back on the mantel, and again took her position beside the bed. On it someone was beginning to breathe deeper and faster—in a choking, stifling manner.

"Car-o—Caroline—Caroline,—I—I'm—," came a dying, painful, fading voice from the bed. The person wished to say more, but there was a gurgling, an agonized sound, then all was—still!

The expression on the woman's face, who was still slumped in her chair, staring before her, did not change. Her eyes were not even misty. She was too tired—too worn to care.

At the door the two figures bowed their heads as if in prayer.

THE COFFEE POT

By James E. Harbin

SAY, Boss, is I eber tell you 'bout Bradshaw an' de Coffee Pot?"

"Don't think you have, Uncle Hugh," I replied.

"Gimme uh chaw uf 'bacca, Boss, coze dat sho' wuz a good un."

I cut a sizeable chew, watched him stow it away back in his mouth, in order that it might last all afternoon, then sat down beside him in the shade of one of the lumber cars. It was only fifteen minutes until whistle time, so Uncle Hugh began at once.

"Hit wus 'bout ten year ago w'en I wuz wo'kin on de ole Coffee Pot, hauling logs f'um down in Horry. De ole Coffee Pot was a triflin' engine—jus' lak uh bawkin' mule. Sometime, her would run all right, den w'en her didn't want to run, all de Gawds in heaben couldn't make her.

"You don't memmer Bradshaw. He wuz de engineer an' I wuz de fireman on de Coffee Pot. An' Lawd, Lawd, de times we had.

"De ole Coffee Pot had done been runnin' purty good all week, she ain't been stop on us in Gawd knows w'en. But she wan't actin' natu'al an' me an' Bradshaw knowed dat somepin' pow'ful bad wuz gwine tuh happen fo' long.

"Well, we wuz commin' up one pay-day Sat'day wid a pow'ful big load ob logs. Bradshaw had him uh jug ob dat good ole Horry likker—de kin' dey don' make no whar 'cept in Hell-Hall an' Horry. He say he gwine tuh git happy coze de Coffee Pot been runnin' so good fo' so long. Well, her run all right till us got jus' 'cross de trussel down dar on de Pee Dee Ribber. Den sompin' broke an' I ain' neber foun' out till yet what dat sompin' wuz. Bradshaw had been hittin' dat jug all 'long de way an' jus' natu'al bo'n makin' de Coffee Pot fly. Us wuz mackin' nigh on tuh fi'teen mile uh hour w'en dat somp'in broke. Her stop an' her ain't was' no time stoppin'. Seem lak somebody done

went an' put on de air brakes—only dat de Coffee Pot ain' got no air brakes.

"Bradshaw ain't say nuttin' fo' nigh on tuh two minute; den, Lawd, Lawd, dat man 'gin tuh 'spress his feelin's. Bradshaw knowed how tuh 'spress his feelin's better w'en he got mad dan any white man I eber seed.

"Bime-by, w'en he cool down uh lit an' fin' out dat somepin' gotta be done fo' she gwine tuh run, he tuck anudder dram. Den he grab he tool bag an' fall slam out uf de cab. Bradshaw git up an' look 'roun tuh see ef dar been anyt'ing he mout fix. He ain't see nuttin', so he fall down on his knees an' crawl right up under de fiah-box. De fiah-box been pow'ful hot, coze I'd been po'-ing it tuh her. But dat Bradshaw man ain't care fo' nuttin'. A'ter w'ile I hearn him knockin' on sompin'—de Lawd knows whut hit wuz. Den he tell me tuh tu'n on de oil wheel, an' dat oil jus' po' all ober dat man. He ain' say nuttin' mo', so I tu'n de oil wheel off. Bime-by, Bradshaw crawl out frum under de fiah-box jus' cov'd wit oil an' sweat. Lawd, Lawd, dat been some sight—likker mixed wid oil an' sweat. An' lemme tell you, dat been one mad white man.

"Heah whut he say, 'I ain' nebber gwine tuh fool wid dis engine no mo'. Hit ain't no good, de track hit run on ain't no good, de logs hit hawl ain't no good, an' ole Boss-man Henry ain't no good. De only t'ing I knows whut's good is dis heah likker.' So he tuck anudder dram.

"Den he say, 'I'se gwine tuh lef' de Coffee Pot right down heah in de swamp, an' I hopes ole man Henry has tuh tote hit out on has back—logs an' all. Coze Bradshaw done fix dis dam' t'ing de las' time.' He tuck anudder dram.

"You know, I t'ink dat man gwine crazy, coze he clim' up de talles' saplin' he could fin' an' ride hit tuh de groun'. Which way de saplin' ben', Bradshaw went dat way. Time dat saplin' hit de groun', he grab his jug an' sole out tru dat swamp, fo' Lawd knows whar.

"A'ter Bradshaw lef me, I try tuh fix hit, but I ain't do no good a-tall. So I sot out fo' town, coze dat been pay-day Sat'day.

"Well, I ain't hearn nuttin mo' 'bout Bradshaw 'till Monday mornin'. Somebody tole me dat Cap'n Henry foun' him late Sat'day night, sottin' up dar in de depot wid his jug ob likker by his side. Cap'n Henry went up tuh Bradshaw an' try tuh make him go back an' git de Coffee Pot, but Bradshaw say he ain't puttin'. Den Cap'n Henry say, 'Now, Mr. Bradshaw, sposin' you wants tuh git anudder job, den I can't gib you no rec'mendation ef you acts lak dis.'

"Bradshaw say, 'I ain't want no rec'mendation. All I wants is fo' you nebber tuh tell nobody I eber wo'ked heah.' "

The whistle sounded, Uncle Hugh slowly arose, stretched his aged limbs and muttered, "Lawd, Lawd, da's a green fiah-man on de sun today an' he's sho po'in' in de coal."

FEMININE STEPS PASSED DOWN THE HALL

By W. C. Ezell

HOTEL! Taxi! This way! Take your grip for the Corsica?" were the greetings that I received as I alighted from the train. The last remark was addressed directly to me by a uniformed figure as he offered to relieve me of my bag. Inasmuch as this was my first trip to this city, I gave the man the bag and followed him.

At the hotel desk I wrote, "Chancy Falls, Willington, Ohio," and followed the porter to the elevator. At room 213 the porter put down my baggage and bowed.

Once in the room with the door closed, my thoughts turned to retiring as quickly as possible, because it was now past midnight. Soon I was undressed, had unpacked and was ready to wash my face, when feminine steps passed down the hall. I dashed the water over my face, dried it, combed my hair, and was just crawling into bed when I again heard feminine steps passing down the hall.

"Why doesn't that woman go to bed instead of walking the floor all the time," I said to myself, as I pulled the cover over my shoulders.

"Why can't I sleep? That woman is still walking! Oh, why should I worry!"

These thoughts were suddenly broken off by the sound of feminine steps passing down the hall. Then I began to wonder about the woman who kept walking the hall. What was she like? Why so nervous as to walk eternally?

"I'll see what she is like," I kept saying to myself as I pulled on a dressing gown and stepped into a pair of slippers. As she was down the hall near the elevator, I planned to go to the office under pretense of getting a cigar, thereby being permitted to meet her in the hall. When I opened the door and stepped out, I saw, not ten feet from me, a very small woman who was wearing a street dress and a veil.

"Gosh, she looked me square in the eye, I wonder—" And I turned my head to watch her. She had stopped and was watching me. I took a few more paces and looked around again. She had also stopped again or else had not started yet. I walked a few steps on and looked again, only to find that she was watching me yet. As I reached the elevator and started to push the bell, I turned my head to look down the hall. She was looking toward me. I watched for a moment and to my surprise she raised a hand as if beckoning me to come. I stood motionless for a moment, wondering. Then she repeated the gesture more distinctly than before. The third time she did it, there was no misunderstanding it. As I started back she met me.

"I need a friend. Do you want some money? Will you help me?"

These questions were shot at me so rapidly that I hardly had time to grasp their meaning.

"Certainly, name it and it shall be done," I answered, even to my own surprise.

"Come to my room," she asked.

The door was locked, but she had the key. She again locked the door behind us.

"Now you must swear to keep 'mum' and that you will keep the promise that you shall make, before we can go further."

"This is rather a mystery to me," I replied. "What do you mean?"

"Then I shall talk first and you may consider afterward," she returned. "I have a package that I want to leave with you until tomorrow night. You must promise to bring it to me safely tomorrow night at 12:30, and not to let anyone know that you have it. Do not open it yourself. It is wanted, and if it should be known that you have it, it would be taken from—"

"Not if I am able. I would—"

"If it should become known, your life would be in danger. If it is delivered safely to me tomorrow night, I shall give you five hundred dollars, one hundred now and the rest then. What do you say?"

"You've bought my time. I can easily keep it, for no one knows me here and I had planned to remain here some time anyway." I didn't know yet why I was accepting.

"One thing more, when you arrive at the address you shall not knock. Simply open the door, climb the stairs, tap three times on the door to the extreme rear left, and without waiting, enter. Someone will be there. You merely say the word, 'morg,' and no more. The man will leave, and you shall wait for me. Is that clear?"

"Yes."

"You accept?"

"How long will it be until you will come?"

"I ought to be there immediately. At latest by one o'clock."

"All right."

"Well, tomorrow night at 12:30, bring it to 736 Columbus Boulevard."

The woman then opened her traveling bag, and gave me the package, which could have passed easily for a pair of shoes. In fact, a paper with the merchant's name on it was wrapped around it to give the impression of a new pair of shoes. Picking up her pocketbook, she took from it a one hundred dollar bill and gave it to me.

"I shall pay you the remainder later. Thanks very much. If you please, I shall sleep some now. Good night."

I went to my room and to bed with the package. When I awoke it was nine o'clock.

I spent the day looking around and wondering how to spend my easy money.

At 12:15 I called a taxi. With the new pair of shoes, I went to the lobby to wait for the cab. I told the driver to carry me to 736 Columbus Boulevard, and to get me there at 12:30 exactly. As the taxi drew up to the curb and halted, I noticed that the house was situated farther from the street than the rest, and that it was brilliantly lighted, while most of the other houses were dark.

I heard no sound as I walked toward the lighted house. Even after I had entered, I could hear nothing.

"Rather mysterious," I observed, feeling none too happy.

At the top of the stairs, it was dark. There was no light shining, except one through a transom down the hall. I decided that this must be the room and tapped on the door as I had been told. I pushed open the door and said, "morg." But almost before I had

spoken, I decided it was not "morg" but "morgue." In the middle of the room was a casket. A man who had been sitting near it arose and walked out. I had not exactly expected this condition of affairs, but was determined to stay. She might come any minute. I put the package on a table near the casket, and glanced around the room. Everything seemed to be in its place, consequently there was nothing for me to do. I read the paper. Time passed. No woman appeared.

I got up, walked to the window and looked out. I quickly glanced around me, as I thought I had heard something in the room. But inasmuch as I saw nothing, I supposed it was my imagination, and turned back to the window. I glanced at my watch; it was 1:35, and still she had not come. Something moved behind me. I jumped around to see everything as before. But something had moved. Well, I had not noticed it before, but the lid of the casket was standing open about two inches. It seemed peculiar that I had not seen it before. Perhaps I was just a little nervous. And yet, I wished that woman would come.

Then something happened that I have not entirely recovered from yet. It startled me. The casket contained someone or something. It was shaking. Slowly a form raised itself and in my condition it was almost impossible to prevent a cry.

"Don't raise an alarm," said the man, as he sat up in his casket, "and don't move."

By this time, my nerves were on edge. I felt like screaming.

"What are you doing here?" the man continued.

"I was to meet a woman—"

"What? What woman were you to meet? Why were you to meet any woman here?" he asked in tones that were far from pleasant.

Having somewhat recovered from the shock, I decided to be frank, for that gun the man pointed toward me was very influential. I began to explain everything to him.

"Hand me that package," he ordered. Catching my eye looking toward the door, he ordered me back to the window. Slowly he began to unwrap the package. My God! Worse than ever! What a sight! A human head! A child's head! And the blood still on it! He wiped a tear.

"My child."

He was silent a few minutes, and then he looked up.

"I am going to tell you something," he said. "You have met my wife. This is our child. Twice she has found me talking to another woman. The second time she told me that if she ever saw me talking to her again she would see to it that neither I nor mine should ever speak to her again. Day before yesterday, she caught me talking to the same woman. Later, I think, she gave me some poison. I came to consciousness where you found me. O my child! My child! I have been thinking since I saw you by the window. I guess there is only one thing to do. You must take my place here in the casket and I will—"

I heard no more, but dashed for the door. He yelled threatenings at me. But I didn't

heed them at all. It seemed that as I reached the door, he was out of the casket; I reached the stairs, he came out of the door; I reached the bottom, he reached the top; I gained the front door at the same time he reached the bottom of the stairs—what a race! I was breaking for the street when he got to the front door. Then a loud report. Several others followed. Noise, commotion and pistol shots.

I awoke to hear Mother pecking on my door and saying, "It's time to get up or you'll be late for school." And feminine steps passed down the hall.

LISTENING IN

"There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conclusion that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide."—Emerson.

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears." —Wordsworth.

"The country life is to be preferred, for there we see the works of God; but in cities little else but the works of man; and the one makes a better subject for our contemplation than the other."—William Penn.

"A gentleman is consistent, not changeless."—Confucius.

"Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?"
—William Cullen Bryant.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."
—Pope.

"Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might,
Smote the chord of Self, that trembling, passed in music out of sight."
—Tennyson.

"Studies serve for delight, for ornament and for ability."—Bacon.

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean-roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain." —Lord Byron.

"Large fortunes cannot honestly be made by the work of one man's hands or head."—Ruskin.

"If I should die, think only this of me,
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England." —Brooke.

"You should know that, next to useful service to humanity, the greatest thing in life is happiness."—Arthur Brisbane.

"The best heads the world ever knew were well read, and the best heads take the best places."—Emerson.

"Let no act be done without a purpose."
—Marcus Aurelius.

"That orbed maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn."

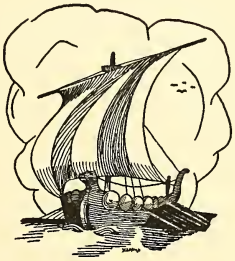
—Shelley.

"The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!"

—Browning.

"It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul."

—Henley.



Wofford College Journal

Established 1889

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Asst. Circulation Mgr.—S. T. Creech.

Entered at the postoffice, Spartanburg, S. C., as second-class matter.

THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL is published seven times a year, on the fifteenth of the month, by the Student Body.

Subscription per year, $1.25.

EDITORIALS

The Wofford Journal

Since 1889, Wofford College has had a literary magazine. "The Journal" has had a fair amount of success, but the support given it has never been what it should be. With this issue another staff takes charge of the publication, and it is the sincere wish of everyone that this year will not be "just another" year, but that the magazine will take great strides ahead. We realize our lack of ability, but with cooperation, we feel sure that something worth while can be accomplished during the year. Everyone is urged to contribute something each month. If your manuscript is not published, don't let this kill your ambition. Write until something is published. We hope to have one or two new features in "The Journal" in order to make it more attractive. Let's make "The Journal" one of the big things at Wofford.

Patience

The whole world has recently been astonished by the remarkable feat of the Graf Zeppelin, the giant German dirigible. Its round-the-world flight was a wonderful achievement, and should be recognized as such by aviation in general. We are too prone to take this flight for granted. What is behind such a test as this? What and who made it possible? Before the Graf Zeppelin started on its globe encircling trip, patient, accurate and intelligent workmanship perfected the dirigible, and then tested every inch of its surface to detect any possible fault. Without this careful and patient examination, we would probably never have read of its victory, but of its disaster.

Before every achievement there must necessarily be days and days of hard work, of patient and accurate attention to every detail. Back of all victories, there have been failures; back of all gains, there have been sacrifices. There is no royal road to victory.

Leisure Time

Every one has some moments to himself, a time when there is no special task to be accomplished. This is the time when a man proves what is in him, what purposes he has. There is a cartoon advertising a well known set of books. One man is seated in a chair, reading a newspaper. He seems to have no purpose. The other is reading a worthwhile book. The latter realizes his opportunity to wisely use his spare moments, the other does not. One will look to some bigger position in life, the other will always be content to stay in the rut. There's no crime in being in the rut, but there is a crime in not trying to pull one's self out. —J.C.O.

SUCH THINGS AS BOOKS

NEW BOOKS

This department of "The Journal" wishes above all to create a greater interest in good books among college students. There are so many new books printed each month that the reader is at a loss to know exactly which are most interesting and at the same time lasting. It is therefore our purpose to review each month, not necessarily the most instructive or the most enduring, but those that will prove interesting and enjoyable, and at the same time, worthwhile to the majority of college students. No book will be reviewed in detail which has not been read completely through by the reviewer. In this way we hope to have the reviews mean something. There is time for every person to spend in reading a good book, and it is the hope of "The Journal" that its comments will prove interesting and helpful.

"ON THE BOTTOM"

By Commander Ellsberg

On a dark September night in 1925, with a cold breeze blowing a choppy sea near Boston, the steamship "City of Rome," under full speed, crashed into the American submarine S-51, sending a score of men to their watery graves. The whole country was shocked at the terrible tragedy, and immediately preparations were on foot to raise the submarine in the hope that some of the crew might be saved.

Commander Ellsberg was put in charge of the hazardous work. It was soon seen that the raising of the S-51 was much more difficult and dangerous than was ever anticipated. Months of cold were endured, months of toil and hardships were suffered before Commander Ellsberg and his brave helpers were able to raise the giant submarine from its ocean bed to the light of day. Scores of trips were made to the bottom of the sea to inspect the wreck and the men.

Throughout the book, Mr. Ellsberg keeps the interest of his readers intent on the struggle.

His account is alive with danger and hardships, and throughout the dramatic story there runs the heroic struggle of the men who almost gave their lives in the service of their country.

Commander Ellsberg closes his account dramatically with these words: "To the families of the men who formed her crew, we have brought back the bodies of their loved ones, heroically dead at their posts on the S-51. To the Navy, we brought back its ship. To the nation, we brought back a story of victory over the sea, wrought by the quiet courage of men who could face death in solitude, disregard failure, and still fight on till they had wrested from the ocean the tomb of their shipmates.

"LITTLE CAESAR"

By W. R. Burnett

Rico, the "little Caesar" of Chicago gangland, lives as few fictional characters do. His

portrait in short, crisp sentences is without a peer in recent American literature.

The story of Rico's rise and fall is dramatically told in "Little Caesar," a short but penetrating account of the Chicago unnovel by W. R. Burnett. The author's brief derworld reminds one of Maupassant, the famous French short story artist. Nowhere does Mr. Burnett stop to point out a moral or to sympathize with his characters. He tells his story and stops at the right moment, namely, the end of Rico.

"Little Caesar" may be criticized as being too much like our newspapers and not a piece of creative literature. Whatever the novel may be, it provides exciting entertainment and it paints a character that will not soon be forgotten. Surely Mr. Burnett could have had no other purpose.

"THEY STOOPED TO FOLLY"

By Ellen Glasgow

If no other novel had appeared during the past summer, the season would not have been called a literary famine. For "They Stooped to Folly" is a delight to read, a treasure to own, and a pleasure to talk about.

Mrs. Ellen Glasgow is a southern writer already known for her many books. Her home is in Richmond.

In her book, the author has attempted to contrast the ways in which lovely women who have stooped to folly may right themselves. She has taken as her three women Aunt Agatha, the Victorian sinner; Mrs. Dalrymple, of the gay nineties; and Milly Burden, the modern miss. Around these three characters Mrs. Glasgow has woven a story that will last. Her words are sharp, penetrating, witty. Her style is distinguished throughout the novel.

"They Stooped to Folly" is the best mingling of ironic wit and tolerance yet done on this side of the Atlantic." — New York Times.

The book is thoroughly enjoyable and will please the most critical.

BRIEF REVIEWS

"The Tragic Era"—Claude Bowers. A remarkable and intelligent study of the reconstruction period. Mr. Bowers' subtitle is "The Revolution After Lincoln."

"The Black Camel"—Earl Derr Biggers. The author of "Behind That Curtain" scores again. His newest novel, centered again around the astounding Charlie Chan, is a real treat in mystery and romance. It is said by many to surpass his previous novels.

"The Wave"—Evelyn Scott. This long book was selected by the Literary Guild as its July book. Thus one of the highest stamps of approval is on it. "The Wave" is composed of about a hundred short sketches of the Civil War. None of them are specifically connected, but the whole constitutes a panoramic view of the great struggle.

"All Quiet On the Western Front"—Erich Remarque. The world's best seller. No single book has ever caught the attention of the peoples of every nation and tongue as this remarkable story of a young German private in the Great War. Fall in line and read it.

"Dark Happiness"—William Dudley Pelley. This novel has just completed its serial

run in the "American Magazine." It is a mystery, dealing with the strange disappearance of a man, and of the gruesome things connected with him. It is an intensive story and will grip the imagination and hold the interest of every reader. —J.C.O.

BOOKS AND THE MAN

Julia Peterkin, well-known novelist of South Carolina, and a graduate of Converse College, has recently joined the editorial board of the Literary Guild. Her latest novel, "Scarlet Sister Mary," won the Pulitzer prize for 1928, and has continued to be one of the best sellers.

Mrs. Peterkin will fill the vacancy created by the death of Elinor Wylie last December.

The latest selection of the Literary Guild is "Queen Elizabeth," by Katherine Anthony.

Recently the "American Boy" and "The Youth's Companion" combined to make one big magazine. Each has always been a clean, wholesome and thoroughly enjoyable magazine, and the merger should bring about an almost perfect magazine for the boy.

The fourteenth edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica has just been published and received with enthusiasm and interest. It is acclaimed as a decided improvement over the former editions.

The Britannica has always been the final authority in a vast number of things. In the new edition, much attention is given to American activities. Motion pictures are discussed by Jesse L. Lasky and boxing by Gene Tunney. Many other interesting personalities are met in this newest edition of the old favorite among encyclopedias.

Maristan Chapman, who wrote her first novel, "The Happy Mountain," in 1928, has just published her second one, "Homeplace." Mrs. Chapman uses the same setting and many of the characters that appeared in the earlier book.

Emil Ludwig came to America to find a character about whom to write a biography. He decided on Lincoln, and his biography is now appearing in "Cosmopolitan" Magazine.

BEST SELLERS

Fiction—

1. "All Quiet On the Western Front" —Eric Remarque
2. "Whiteoaks of Jalna" —Mazo de la Roche
3. "Roper's Row"—Warwick Deeping.

Non-Fiction—

1. "The Tragic Era"—Claude Bowers.
2. "Henry the Eighth"—Francis Hackett.
3. "The Specialist"—Chic Sale.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

J. A. May, *Editor*

The "Exchange" awaits with all eagerness the opportunity of reviewing the first college magazine that shall reach its desk. We expect to have an exchange with probably fifteen or twenty colleges throughout the South this year. In this way, the "Wofford Journal" hopes to come into closer contact with the activities of other college publications, and thereby give and receive suggestions.

We do not agree with those who say that the college literary magazine is doomed to failure. We do not see it in that light at all. True, the collegiate publications are not what they should be, but they are not doomed to failure. Almost every college of any size whatever maintains a literary organ.

"The Wofford Journal" asks constructive rather than destructive criticism, and expects to give the same through the columns of its exchange. To bitterly denounce a thing and to offer no substitute or help is destructive. Nothing will ever be accomplished and everything will be utterly destroyed.

We believe that there is some fine literature being written in the colleges today, and we are looking forward eagerly to reading it.

Finally, we invite to exchange with us any college. We believe it to be the only way to perfect the magazines.

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Postponed
Edward Gilmore

Soviet Russia
Robert L. Henry, Jr.

Work
Roy A. Powell

CONTRIBUTING
John T. Poole - L. C. Harrelson
J. E. Harbin
C. Morgan Bowen, Jr. - John C. Otts, Jr.
Harold Miller
William Wofford - C. R. Breedin, Jr.

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1929

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NOVEMBER

By A Dreamer

THE earth is slowly dying. Gray clouds gather overhead and blot out the bright October sun. Brown, crisp leaves loose themselves from the trees and fall gently to the cold ground. The trees, fast becoming bare, sway in the cold wind. The earth becomes darker, the wind becomes brisker and soon soft, fleecy white snowflakes begin to fall and cover the drab earth with a new blanket. Life seems on the decline. Everything is losing its existence. Earth is yielding its last breath and the icy winter is slowly conquering.

But is the earth dead forever? Shall the green leaves, the fragrant blossoms never again be blown gently in the spring breezes? Have the warm days of June gone, never to return? Shall not the dead earth regain its life and blossom forth with new vigor? Death is but the means of life again. The flowers die that they may live again. The earth shall burst forth again in all its splendor. The stillness is but a sleeping and a preparation for life in the future again.

So it is with life. There first must be sacrifice, then life and victory. We must literally give our lives that others might live. All is not drab and cheerless. There is a strange beauty to be found in the sleeping earth.

BOXING MATCHES

By Edward Gilmore

MACK DONALD, the foremost promoter in the pugilistic world, sat back in his chair and lighted a large black weed encircled by a gaudy band, then glanced over the group of gentlemen of color standing before him. Picking up his "Times," he read—for the tenth time—a small advertisement in an obscure corner of a sport page:

MACK DONALD
the Great Promoter
has a POSITION OPEN for
a Dark Complected Gent
experienced in boxing matches
GOOD PAY!
Apply at once to the Elite Club

That little ad had cost him ten dollars. In his opinion, that was more than any blot was worth, but he just had to have one for the matches that night to give color to the entertainment. Anyway, it had brought ten of the finest looking results he had ever seen offer themselves on the altar of pugilism. He laid the paper aside and stood up. There wasn't a flaw in them. They were young giants with barn-door shoulders and ham-like hands. Length of experience was the only method of elimination he could hit upon.

"Which one of you has had any real experience?" he asked, giving them one of his best scowls.

"Ah's had five years," said one, whose scarred face verified the truth of his statement.

"Nigguh, you ain't out the kinduhgahden yet," another one broke in. "Ah's had eight years."

Mack glanced at the speaker.

"Has anyone more than eight years' experience?" he asked.

No one had.

"Well, the eight-year-old gets the position. All you other 'shadows' clear out."

Mack seated his new "find" before his desk.

"What's your name?"

"George Abraham White, suh."

"Are you very speedy?"

"Speedy! Why, boss, Majuh Seagrave gives me 'hush' money."

"You'll have some bad cases to handle."

"Don't worry, suh, I can pack 'em."

"Good! I want you to pack 'em neat and strong. Are you shifty?"

"Nossuh. Ah'm steady."

"Well, steadiness is a good asset, but you ought to be shifty, too. Now, where did you get your boxing experience?"

"For the last eight years Ah's been packing cases of matches into boxes at the Sure-to-Strike Match Company."

. . . . . .

Mack Donald, the foremost promoter in the pugilistic world, then promoted George Abraham White to the General Hospital for a period of several months.

WORK

By Roy A. Powell

NOTHING plays a greater part in our lives than work. Because in work we get not only those necessary material things of life, but also the spiritual things. Work is the dynamo of human activities. It makes the world go round. For work is an outlet for sorrow, a restrainer of unhealthy desires, a builder of character.

To me, there is no greater figure than that of the village blacksmith in those lines which run:

> Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
> Onward through life he goes;
> Each morning sees some task begun,
> Each evening sees it close.

He sees the work that he has to do, through the day he keeps himself busy at that task and at night he brings it to a successful close. What is greater in this life than the satisfaction of a task well done?

And we all have a task to do. There is a special allotment for each and every one of us that no one else can do, and unless we do it, the task goes undone. I once heard of the dream of an Idler, who dreamed that he entered the portals of Heaven. And when he was inside the celestial city, he was struck with one peculiar thing: all the streets ran to one central point. All the winding avenues and shaded boulevards terminated at one place. And being curious to know what was at the center of heaven, he and his guide started walking down one of the winding streets. At last they came to a high hill, and climbing the hill, they saw why all the streets led to this point. For crowning the topmost part of the high place was a beautiful temple, overshadowing the whole of heaven. From the rear they came around to the front. The Idler looked and was amazed, he was dazzled at the entrancing beauty of the temple. Such beauty of architecture, such exquisite workmanship, and such originality of design he had never seen. Beginning at the top, his eyes roved to the bottom. But as they rested on the curving arch of the main entrance, he was struck with a note of consternation, for from the arch a stone was missing. How the hole made by the missing stone stood out in contrast with the matchless beauty of the other part! Indignantly, he turned to the guide and complained:

"This beautiful temple, with such splendor of design and construction, so perfect in every respect, why have they left a stone out of the main arch?"

The guide explained:

"This temple is the work of everyone; in its construction, everyone had a part to do. And somebody has left their task undone; and that somebody is you."

So we all have a work in this life. We are put here for a purpose. There is a special allotment for each set of hands, and each performs its own duty or it goes undone. There's a task, a work, a duty that evolves upon each one of us and we individually

should strive to do our utmost until that task is performed. Don't be like the dog that dropped his bone to snap at its reflection in the water and went dinnerless. But do those things that are at hand. Do those things that are best suited to our capabilities, and thus get the greatest joy and substance out of life.

And why shouldn't we work? Everything that we see, that we hold, that we grasp, that we touch is the fruit of toil. Nothing comes except by labor. It makes the poor rich and rich richer. It transforms poverty into wealth and laughs at defeat and failure. The towering structures of New York, that almost reach the sky, are but the products of work. The massive pyramids of Egypt are but monuments of the toils of the early Egyptians. The Hanging Gardens of Babylon, the leaning tower of Pisa; all the wonders of the world are but the results of labor.

And what Idler's name has ever been proclaimed great among men? What loafer has ever been given the highest seat, as a reward for right and worthy deeds? 'Tis not the custom of men to sing the praises of loafers and idlers. It is only the working man that captures their esteem. For 'tis only in the minds of doers that great ideas are born, and from whom noble deeds ensue.

Work manifests itself in all the activities of men. We see it in religion, in science, in art, in study, in everything to which man has put his hand, this wonderful spirit working its results and bringing success. Work draws us closer to God. For what is God Himself but an endless activity, ever working, never ceasing? He has given us the world for a laboratory; and the head, the heart and the hands for tools. He has made us all heirs of great things, all "Princes of Possibilities," but it's only through work that we come into our kingships.

FUTILITY

By James E. Harbin

Passing,
I saw a beautiful gem
Held fast in the mire;
I reached,
Strove to grasp it,
Lift it
And purify it.

Yet,
It eluded my grasp,
Sank back into the mire;
Lost,
Gone forever,
I sighed
And passed on.

ANECDOTES ABOUT VICTOR HUGO

By John T. Poole

VICTOR MARIE HUGO, commonly mentioned as Victor Hugo, is unquestionably the greatest literary figure of nineteenth century France. He is recognized almost universally as the greatest French poet.

One of the first things that strikes the reader of Hugo is the dominance of temperament in his work. Of character, in the sense of corrected and controlled rather than reenforced temperament, he, like most romanticists, possesses very little. He differs, however, from most of the romantic poets in possessing a masculine temperament, one in which strength and energy, not fineness, predominate.

Hugo was a strong, healthy man. He had a very keen vision; from the towers of Notre Dame he was able to recognize a friend passing below. He could brave the rain and cold without umbrella or overcoat. He could astonish the onlooker by cracking peach stones between his teeth, or by swallowing a teaspoonful of tar or an orange, peel and all, or sometimes a lump of coal. Hugo said that he had never had an indigestion in his life, and that the doctors had found that he had at sixty-six the body of a man at forty.

Hugo carried his abounding energy into all the relations of life, sometimes in a disagreeably masterful manner. He dominated conversation like an autocrat, brooking no contradiction, no variation of opinion. He could, even in public, impose silence on his wife by an annihilating look not easily forgotten by the spectator. He could be stirred to such depths of wrath by opposition as to run breathless and hatless out of the house, dashing with frantic gestures down the street into the open country. Even when in the wrong, he preferred to remain so rather than yield.

True, Hugo had some bad qualities; he was very quarrelsome. In the first years of his career as a dramatic poet, we find him quarreling with the actors and actresses, with his fellow dramatist, Dumas, with the publishers and even with the king. Some other of his bad qualities were vulgarity, his bombast, the tenuity of his thought and feeling, and egoism.

In Hugo's love letters, he cherishes an unwavering confidence in his talent, in his power to work, in his future. He won Adele, as he won other prizes of life, by a persistency which nothing could disarm, by a will which brooked no thought of defeat. In the last lines of his last letter he says, "Our history, my beloved one, will be a new proof of this truth, that 'To will with firmness is to triumph.' "

The keynote of Hugo's life and character is vanity. His vanity is of the anodyne variety. It doesn't invite indulgence, but it is of the blustering, elbowing, actively disagreeable kind. It sometimes goes hand in hand with his egotism, partially destroys his

modesty, and disroots his whole vision of things.

A sense of the ridiculous would, of course, have interferred with this unalloyed enjoyment of himself. Nature, which bestowed on him so many other favors, kindly withheld this one embarrassing gift, and no shadow of skeptical doubt ever clouded the lifelong worship that the poet paid at his own shrine.

For two-thirds of the century he was the leader of the French literature, exercising a fascination on royalism and political passion. His death stirred an unparalleled wave of popular feeling. His funeral became a pageant that royality might envy, and could not equal.

One can, in the end, only say of this spoiled god what Madame de Stael said of one of her contemporaries: "He was a man of ability and imagination, but so dominated by self-love that he lived in perpetual astonishment at his own genius instead of laboring to perfect himself."

MY FRIEND

By C. R. Breedin, Jr.

Is he my friend who laughs and scorns
At deeds I do and say,
When life is just one thoroughfare
For people 'long that way?

My friend is one whose eyes are filled
When tears come into mine,
One who can laugh when there is fun
Or smile at sights sublime.

Is he my friend whose heart is light
When sorrows pierce my soul,
Or one who nestles in his heart
Each evil word I hold?

My friend is one who counts the deeds
Of kindness and of love,
And keeps them as if cherished gold
For blessing from above.

MISTAKE

By Harold Miller

THE lady in compartment three was undoubtedly disturbed. It could not be lack of poise or breeding, or want of stylish clothing. For her exquisite skin had luminous transparency about it, which comes only with long care. Her entire being expressed great use, but at the same time great care, through which it had grown more mellow and more refined. She was modishly dressed. Her feet were snugly shod. Her finger wore a ring. But it could not be denied that her soft, brown eyes held a trace of care, of anxiety. She seemed to be looking forward to some portentious event which she could mitigate in no manner. With every turn of the wheels upon the iron, she grew more restive. One could see her start; see her feel chagrin, as if foolishly fearful; see her try to compose herself. But her hand, her head, her body jerked fitfully as if attuned to some uncontrollable emotion.

To begin with, Mrs. Potter had always worked too hard. Even when she was a child, long before thoughts of marriage had concerned her, in fact, when she was eleven years old, she had worked too hard. Her parents had then lived on a plantation, in a roomy, ancient house. She had cooked a Sunday dinner when she was eleven years old for the old parson of the country church, whom her parents expected to bring back from church. And their compliments had spurred her on to even harder work. In fact, it was not long until she assumed the entire burden of the household. Her mother became semi-invalid.

She grew up suddenly without her full quota of child's years and child's play—a terrible thing. Oddly, her vast expenditure of energy in the home was not appreciated. But she was a strong form of the human dynamo. She had long since absorbed the rather latent power of the pedantic schoolteacher, and had actually won a scholarship to college. Nor was it enough to finish the course in two years at the age of seventeen, but she won a scholarship to a musical conservatory.

She never went to the conservatory. Her mother had become a chronic invalid. A family of twelve required a strong person at the helm. She went home for a visit, and her visit lengthened to three years. At the end of that time she had married Mr. Potter.

It seems that Mrs. Potter would have learned to live. Her unselfish devotion to her family was not appreciated. But she had not learned that one can do too much, can sacrifice too much. Her married life began as her former life. In time, she even helped her husband in his brokerage business, doing the bookkeeping. That was very well. But she also attempted to keep the house at the same time. Life for them was hard. The business seemed to use money, but to produce none. Finally, the results of the work came, but Mrs. Potter continued as she had been.

And indeed, she did not seem to think that her life should be different. She was as one who has toiled so long that the labor has become a part of her. She was a carefully preserved woman who had slipped steadfastly into a rut. All memories of music were abandoned, all vestiges of her education decayed.

But Mrs. Potter had never suspected that her husband was faithless. One day she heard someone talking as she was selecting groceries, hidden by the high shelf of canned goods.

"It's a shame. To think that he, a man forty years old, would do that, as faithful and hard-working as Mrs. Potter has been for him."

"Yes. After the way she has helped him to get a start by her work."

"Well, I think someone should tell her. Still, it's not my business, but Henrietta Prynne — of all women — she would make any man desert his family. Why, I saw her in his office the other day."

Blindly, Mrs. Potter groped for the outside of the store. A new feeling, one almost of anger, shook her. She felt forlorn, and justly felt the anger surging within her. Slowly she surveyed her life since marriage. But another emotion suddenly left her hysterical. It was fear. For she really loved her husband. She remembered him as he had been, but she realized that a change had come over him. She suddenly wanted him and his love more than ever.

Henrietta Prynne—Henrietta Prynne—it rebounded incessantly into her consciousness. She could not free her mind from the name of the woman who threatened disaster for them. In her thoughts, Henrietta Prynne became a terrible goddess, a Circe, bent upon keeping her husband from her. She seemed to think that Henrietta Prynne would be able by her inevitable power to take her husband away from her.

It was after supper that she sprang her bolt.

"Jim," she said, "will you miss me while I'm gone."

"Gone where?" They were always like that—free, understanding.

"I've decided to visit Anna."

"Anna—your old schoolmate?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Well, I hope you have a good time, darling. But why so sudden?"

"For no reason, especially."

Mrs. Potter hardly slept in the next two days. She was doubly energetic, because of her love for Jim, and her plan to hold him. When she left, it was their first separation in ten years.

Mrs. Potter found herself esconced in a great New York hotel. She had lived in a dream since she left home. Her visit to Anna had been very abbreviated. But once in New York, she wasted no time. She walked along the street until she saw a sign: "Mme. Boncarde, Beauty Saloon." She stopped, looked for a long time at the entrance, and falteringly entered the door. Mrs. Potter was a brave woman, but she almost turned back. But she dispelled the notion. She whispered: "I've got to, I've got to."

Inside, the long room was filled with New York matrons, as unconcerned as if they were

at home. But to Mrs. Potter, it seemed almost as much of a risk as Dr. Faustus selling his soul to the devil. There was a proviso in both transactions, however.

It was luckily unnecessary for her to do much talking. Mme. Boncarde herself came forward. She knew exactly the haunted look in the eye of her customer and the cause.

"Come right in, dear," she said.

"Thank you," replied Mrs. Potter.

"Will you have a massage?" asked Mme.

"Yes, please."

To Mrs. Potter, sitting now on the train, her experience did not seem so terrible. But then she had writhed as if under the influence of some unconscionable spirit. But through the assuring blandishment of the attendants, she followed every treatment with another. When she left, she had an engagement for the next day.

Mme. Boncarde was a discerning soul. Not, indeed, by her innate qualities, but by a vast experience. How many old, faltering women she had changed to happy, modish wives! And she had learned the secret of the cause of their visits until she came to associate cause and effect.

She used one method with all—to make them as pretty as possible. In three weeks, Mrs. Potter left her cocoon and emerged a beautiful woman.

When she had made the plan and while she was in New York, the plan had seemed easy. Now, when she was almost confronting him, her heart almost stopped at what Jim would say.

The train had reached the station. She was in Jim's arms. And then, they seemed to have been riding for a long time, when she glanced up, recovering her scattered senses.

"Why, Jim, where are we going? Aren't we going home yet?"

"Certainly, darling. This is the way home." Jim was grinning proudly, as a small boy might who had done something good.

"What! Do you mean we have—?"

"Yes, we have a new home."

"Jim."

She was inside, looking. The house was wonderfully furnished. Her own bearing, mellow and aristocratic, fitted exactly into the atmosphere of the place. She could not have been more delighted.

"A surprise," said Jim. "I've been planning it for three months."

"Jim."

"Oh, yes," Jim said. "But I had some one helping me furnish the house. And do you know what we're going to do. We're going to give her a party, because she's going to be married. She is an interior decorator. Come in the front room. She's in there."

"Miss Prynne, this is my wife," said Jim.

"How do you do?" said Miss Prynne.

THE SNAKE DANCE

By C. Morgan Bowen, Jr.

AMONG the Indians in northern and eastern Arizona, there is a great religious ceremony, which is the most famous and the wildest of all Indian rituals. It is called the "Snake Dance."

The whole ceremony, of which the Snake Dance is a part, requires nine days or more to be performed. The first days are spent in collecting snakes. Each day the Indians go in different directions to hunt for the reptiles.

All the snakes that are caught are placed in jars. When the ninth day comes, the snakes are washed. Then a great bowl is brought in and set down. Into this a liquid is poured. The snakes, which have been kept in jars, are taken and given over to designated priests.

All those in the kiva begin to shake their rattles and to sing. The song gets louder and louder until it bursts forth into a blood-curdling yell, or war cry.

At this moment the heads of the snakes are put into the liquid; even parts of their bodies are submerged. They are then drawn out, not having left the hands of the priests. They are thrown across the room to a sand bed. As they fall, three snake priests stand nearby, and while the snakes squirm and coil in defense, these men brush them back and forth in the sand with their snake whips. The low, weird songs are continued while the other snakes go through the same thing.

Late in the afternoon, the antelope priests appear in a procession, dressed in all their finery and paint. They circle four times around the plaza, dancing as they go and thumping heavily upon the boards in front of the kisi.

The other priests dance four times around the plaza, but they dance with more energy than the antelope priests do. They draw up in a line opposite the antelope priests and there they go through all kinds of strange singing and movements.

The party of snake priests divide into bands of three. They approach the kisi; one of them kneels, and then rises, holding a snake in his hand. This he places in his mouth, holding it about the middle of its squirming body. One of his companions throws an arm about the neck of the snake-carrier, but in his other hand he holds a feather wand, or brush, with which he attracks the attention of the snake by waving it.

The other man follows the two. They go around the plaza four times in this manner. When all the snakes have been danced with, they are thrown into a ring of sacred meal.

The priests then rush in and catch as many snakes as they can, and run down the trail with them. Here they are set free.

This ceremony is a prayer for rain. It also shows how the Snake and Antelope Societies began. These snakes are supposed to carry the prayers to the gods.

POSTPONED

By Edward Gilmore

A COLLEGIATE-LOOKING youth entered the coach holding a portable nerve-irritator before him and a sticker-covered handbag behind. He had the manner of one who had just passed from the subjective state of a freshman to the independence and pretended intelligence of a sophomore. He had staggered half way down the aisle when two of his classmates, seated at the rear of the car, recognized him.

"Rah-Rah-Rat Davis!" smote the ears of William Alexander Davis, sophomore, unpleasantly.

He placed his baggage in a precarious position on a convenient rack and sat down in a seat by his comrades. Then the reminiscences of a happy vacation were related with the usual exaggerations.

"I suppose you know," said one, "that old Doc Webster has a year's leave of absence, and that a Professor Drayton, just graduated from Columbia University, is going to teach physics."

"You don't say! Well, watch me pass it this year under the new professor."

William Alexander surveyed the car.

"Say, are those raw materials sitting up yonder prospective alumni of our Alma Mater?"

"Yes. Most of them. Let's give them an inspection."

"A good idea," said William Alexander.

The three arose and went forward. William Alexander espied a young man sitting alone, reading.

"I beg your pardon, but are you going to McDuff College?"

The young man answered in the affirmative.

"As an upper classman, I thought I would tell you something of the college which you have so wisely chosen."

"Thanks," mumbled the young man.

"A freshman is given special attention by the upper classmen at McDuff College." William Alexander repressed a smile. "And the warm reception that you will receive will touch you deeply."

The young man became uneasy.

"The peppy 'cheer' practices which we conduct will certainly impress the old McDuff spirit on you."

The young man smiled faintly.

"I have an extra campus license and a chapel seat ticket which I will sell to you at half price, if you haven't already bought them. By the way, my name is Bill Davis."

"Here is my card," said the young man.

William Alexander glanced at it casually, gave a start, and examined it again more closely.

Delicately engraved in the center was:

Prof. D. M. Drayton

. . . . . .

William Alexander Davis, sophomore, has postponed the study of physics for the present year.

SOVIET RUSSIA

By Robert L. Henry, Jr.

THE official name of the present Russian Government is "The Union of Soviet Socialist Republics." Three words in this official title deserve consideration. The first of these is the word Soviet. It is a Russian word which may be translated freely into English as congress. The word has come to have a little different meaning, however, as it is applied particularly to the membership of the congress. Representation in the congress is based not upon territorial limitations but upon industries, or, better, upon the union of workers within industries. The term Socialist which occurs in the title of the Russian Government is intended to convey the idea that it is the Socialism of Karl Marx and his associates as opposed to that which is found in Western Europe, and, in England, as represented by the present Labor Government. The two types differ considerably as to program and greatly as to the method of carrying out the program. A word needs to be said about the term "Republics," which is used in its plural rather than its singular sense, indicating as it does, that Russia is composed of a number of autonomous socialist republics, there being five major and three minor ones making up the Republic. The five major ones being: Russia proper, White Russia, Ukraine, the Transcaucasion Soviet Republic, and the Far-Eastern Republic, established in Siberia. They possess large freedom in the handling of certain local problems, but matters of national and international importance are reserved to the central government at Moscow.

The government is in the hands of the Communist Party. This organization in the early period of its development was known as the Bolshiviki Party. It is the party of Lenin, embodying his ideas of government. This clever revolutionist during his lifetime was an ardent disciple of Karl Marx. He sought to build upon a Russian background the foundation for a new economic order. To achieve this purpose, he welded together into a closely knit organization all the radical elements in Russia who could unite with him in a common program. Seizing the power in November, 1917, they have been able to maintain themselves and increase their strength. By persecution, murder and exile, they have reduced all active opposition to a helpless minimum.

The leaders of the central government in Moscow are still orthordox Communists. This is not true necessarily in the village and district soviets. Through a weeding out process in the elections, the representatives to the All Russian Soviet which meets annually in Moscow are all party leaders. This large body, legislative in function, before its adjournment elects a Central Executive Committee which in turn selects the various heads of the government. By this method, the control of affairs is kept within the party and strongly centralized. The key man in this organization is the Secretary of the Communist Party,

who is in position to assume the role of a dictator.

This is not all as bad as it seems. In a country where fully eighty per cent. of the people can neither read nor write, it is idle to think of representative government. Some form of dictatorship is the only rule that will produce order. The leaders of the present government have assumed that form of government and plan to retain it through party control. They do say that dictatorship will be retained only so long as it is necessary to bring into being the new Socio-Economic order to which the program of the communist party is committed. How long this will be or whether or not they will relinquish power when that time comes, time alone can tell.

Government to the leaders of the Communist Party is simply an instrument to bring about a new social order. This is too frequently overlooked by students of the present regime. State Socialism of Karl Marx's teaching has been brought into use by orders of the government. Nationalization not only of public utilities but of certain forms of business generally accepted in Western Europe as private enterprise has resulted in placing industry completely in the hands of the government. Agriculture is still to a large extent in private hands, but even here the efforts of the government are being extended in the hope of bringing the work within the scope of nationalized industry. This whole method and system is so foreign to our American viewpoint that it is exceedingly hard for us to get the significance.

The mistake is sometimes made of thinking that the movement toward State Socialism is a new movement in Russia. The people of that great land have had a long background of development in this direction which marks their thinking and sets them off in contrast to that of the thinking of people in America. With us, individualism has been perhaps the dominant idea in the development of America. This characteristic manifested itself in the frontier days throughout this country. On the other hand, in Russia, individualism has been lost in the greater good of a larger group. This group for the masses has been the Village Commune. The annual or biennial distribution of land to all the people in the village has been a big force in promoting communism as against that of individualism. This does not mean that the Russian peasant is a communist in the sense that communism is understood in Russia today. It does mean, however, that he has an attitude of mind and an approach to the question vastly different to that which prevails in America.

Much of the best literature produced in Russia during the nineteenth century concerned itself with this problem. Writers like Bakunin and Tolstoi especially made contributions in this field of thought. They and other writers were absorbed in the social and economic struggles of the Russian masses. In seeking to find a solution to the very difficult question connected with the uplift of the masses they sought to build a program upon that common element of peasant life, namely, "The Village Commune." Lenin and his followers have been clever enough to build upon this basis, making whatever adaptations necessary in their Marxian concept to meet these ideas.

"NOT GUILTY, YOUR HONOR"

By James E. Harbin

SAM PETERSON, a rather disreputable negro who worked on "Cap'n" Henry's plantation, had been accused of beating his wife and was hailed into court by old Judge Hix, who was nothing more than a retired circuit judge, but who was allowed the privilege of trying all the minor cases at Mason's Crossroads. A small space in the rear of the store, between the office desk and the molasses barrel, had been alloted him for the purpose of holding his monthly meetings. On the first Monday in every month, court was held there, Judge Hix being the magistrate, prosecuting attorney and jury; yet he dispensed justice in a solemn but amusing manner.

After an impromptu table was set up for a desk, and a rather dilapidated cowhide-bottom chair was set up instead of a comfortable swivel chair, the court was called to order. The accustomed group of loafers either sat down on the counters or pulled chairs up close to the stove, which had been placed on a large flat box of sand. The sand was for the purpose of absorbing that brownish liquid, which was, at regular intervals, skillfully spat thereon.

Judge Hix lit a ponderous, black cigar, shifted his chair to a more comfortable position, crossed his legs and called the prisoner to the bar. Sam came forward, stood in front of the table, shifting his weight uneasily from one foot to another. He was an intelligent looking negro, with a slightly broad nose, yet there was a humorous expression attached to those sagging lips. The judge eyed him keenly, then said, "Been beating your wife, haven't you, Sam?"

"Naw-suh, jedge."

"Don't lie to me, Sam," replied the judge, "you know good and well that you have been beating your wife. Can't I ever get it into you niggers' heads that you can't beat your wives without getting jacked up about it? I'll bet if I gave some of you about sixty days on the road you'd soon stop it. Why is it, Sam, that you have been maltreating your wife?"

"Naw-suh, jedge," answered Sam, "I ain' been doin' dat eider. Dat 'oman ain' cook me no good rations in Gawd knows w'en. I goes outen de fiel' an' plows all mawnin' an' w'en I comes in, dat 'oman ain' cook me nuttin'. W'en I comes in an' fin's dat da ain' nuttin' hot fo' mah dinnah, I gits pow'ful mad."

"Is that right, Julia?" asked the judge, as he looked at a young mulattress who sat very quietly over in the corner.

"Yas-suh, dat's right, caze da ain' been nuttin' in dat niggah's house tuh cook, jedge, 'ceptin' some ole collads dat de worms mought night et up."

"So that's the way it is, eh, Sam," asked Judge Hix. "How can you expect your wife to cook you anything when there is nothing at all in the house to cook?"

"Da been mo' dan collads," Sam shot back

quickly; "da been uh piece ob meat an' co'n meal. Huh, jus' too triflin' an' lazy tuh cook 'em."

"Well," pursued the judge quietly, "what did you do to her when she refused to cook you any dinner?"

"I ain' done nuttin,' jedge, 'ceptin'—'ceptin'—nuttin'."

"Dat's uh lie," piped up Julia. "He beat me wid his fis', he kick me, an'—an'—he bite me."

"Beating her with your fists wasn't enough so you bit her, eh?"

"Naw-suh, jedge, I ain' bite dat 'oman."

"Yas-suh, jedge, he sho' did bite me. I kin show yuh de place whur he done bit me." She came forward, eagerly pointing to a spot on her cheek where a strong pair of teeth had made deep prints. "Dat's whur he bit me, jedge, right da."

"The evidence seems to be against you, Sam," said Judge Hix, as he casually glanced at the place Julia had so eagerly pointed out.

"I ain' bite dat 'oman, jedge," begged Sam, "dat's whur I kiss huh."

"Well, you certainly kissed her."

"Yas-suh, coze sometimes I kisses so ha'd I bites."

The whole room went into paroxysms of laughter, including the judge. As soon as it had subsided, Judge Hix pronounced, "Case dismissed."

TIDE OF LIFE

By L. C. Harrelson

Each day there's a task for us to do
As the tide of life rolls on:
Let's stick to the wheel and see it through,
Ere the ship of life goes wrong.

For we are as a ship far out at sea,
That struggles toward its harbor;
There's a goal to make, so always be
In your path with zeal and ardor.

The bulwark of life we can slowly build:
Quite a task! but you know it's true,
That it's only with this, life may ever be filled
With success and pleasures anew.

Whether or not you reach your port
It all depends upon you,
To withstand the bumps and build a fort
That nothing can ever subdue.

So let's press on and reach our goal
We always hope to attain;
And leave behind deeds worthy to be told,
For memories in our minds will remain.

"THE QUEST OF THE HOLY GRAIL"

By John C. Otts, Jr.

THROUGHOUT all history, there is no legend that has been told and heard so much, no legend that has stirred the emotions of men so deeply as that of the quest of the Holy Grail.

The story of the Grail is common to many literatures, and has been handed down to us by several historians and commentators. Therefore, the legend in its present form bears the changes of all those who, in the course of time, have handled it.

The Holy Grail was fabled to be the sacred vessel from which our Lord had eaten at the Last Supper, and into which Joseph of Arimathea had gathered the divine blood of Christ's wounds at the crucifixion. Joseph, finding the persecution in the land beyond endurance, sought to preserve the Holy Vessel by taking it away to some distant land.

Journeying from the Holy Land, he brought it to Glastonbury in England, where he remained. The Grail soon became a symbol of purity and of those nobler ideals of life. The popular belief was that it was the symbol of the living presence of Christ on earth. It was thought that if a man who was sick or lame would touch or even see it he was healed at once.

Thousands came to Glastonbury that they might see or perhaps touch the Holy Vessel and be healed of their infirmities. The existence, preservation, and miraculous virtues and properties of the Holy Grail were a cherished popular belief in the early ages of European Christianity.

But the times grew wicked. People forgot God, began to lose faith and to trust in their own strength. And so, the legend runs, the Holy Grail was caught up to heaven and disappeared. The wickedness and thoughtlessness of man had driven away the one precious and holy thing that was on earth.

Sir Thomas Malory takes up the story and connects it with Arthur's Court. When the Holy Grail disappeared, men began to seek it, and the knights of the Round Table, after a great experience, swore to seek the sacred dish.

A miracle took place in Arthur's hall. Merlin, the wise man, had fashioned a chair, on which were carved strange figures, and which was called, "The Siege Perilous," perilous for good and evil, for Merlin said, "No man can sit but he be lost." Merlin, by mistake, sat down in the Siege Perilous and immediately disappeared.

Suddenly there was terrific thunder and lightning. It seemed that the whole hall was splitting. In the midst of this blast, there shone a brilliant ray of light, "seven times more clear than day," and gliding down that beam came the Holy Grail, shining in brilliant splendor, and covered with a luminous cloud so that none might see it. The knights were struck dumb, and none spoke until Percival found his voice and uttered a vow to ride for a year until he found the Holy Grail and saw

it. Also Sir Galahad, Sir Bors and Sir Gawain swore the vow.

Galahad, Percival and Bors proved to be the three true knights who by their purity of life were fitted to see the Holy Grail. After swearing the vow, they journeyed for many days in vain. One day, they arrived at a castle of King Pelles, where a while before Lancelot had been, and had witnessed the Holy Grail.

A short while before evening, they were gathered in the hall, and a voice was heard, saying, "They that ought not to sit at the table of Jesus Christ arise, for now shall true knights be fed." So they all left, leaving the three knights alone.

Soon they saw a table of silver on which was the Holy Grail, and it seemed that angels stood about it. The knights were filled with awe, and at once began to pray. There was One in the likeness of Christ. He brought the vessel to Galahad and asked, "Son, knowest thou what I hold between my hands?"

Galahad answered, "Nay, unless Thou tell me."

"This is," said He, "the holy dish wherein I ate the lamb at the Last Supper. Now, thou hast seen that which thou hast desired. But this land is turned to evil living, and thou must bear the Grail to a distant land. And two of you shall die in My service, but one shall go back again to Camelot, and bear the tidings."

Then He gave them a blessing and vanished. The three carried out the command.

King Arthur's Round Table was broken up. He told them that they should stay at home and attend to the decaying realm rather than follow the search of the Grail. But one by one, the knights swore vows, and started on the journey to find the cup.

Death and starvation overtook most of them. Only four ever set eyes on the Holy Grail. These four were Lancelot, Galahad, Percival and Bors. A few of the men found their way back to Camelot, but the great purpose of Arthur had fallen, through the sin of the Queen and Lancelot, and through the wickedness throughout the realm.

The legend has persisted through the many centuries, and still forms a great part of the early and later English literature. Of course, it is purely legendary. But it is a beautiful story, and it has handed down to us a beautiful lesson. Our work is at home. It is not for us to "follow wandering fires," and at last accomplish nothing. Ours is to serve those close at home.

The Grail will never come to those who leave home and try to seek it. It will only come by living purely and unselfishly among our fellowmen.

LISTENING IN

"God made him and therefore let him pass for a man."—Shakespeare.

"Books are the best of things, well used; abused, among the worst."—Emerson.

"Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the first to lay the old aside."
—Pope.

"On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined!"—Lord Byron.

"My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flower and fruits of love are gone."
—Lord Byron.

"Old age hath yet his honor and his toil."
—Tennyson.

"Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for."—Browning.

"The thief steals from himself, and the liar lies to himself."—Emerson.

"Eat not to dullness; drink not to elevation."—Franklin.

"Patience and diligence, like faith, remove mountains."—William Penn.

"Travel, in the younger sort, is a part of education; in the elder, a part of experience."—Francis Bacon.

"A gentleman has nine aims: to see clearly; to understand what he hears; to be warm in manners; dignified in bearing; faithful of speech; painstaking at work; to ask when in doubt; in anger to think of difficulties; in sight of gain, to remember right."—Confucius.

"Character is higher than intellect."
—Emerson.

"To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."—Tennyson.

"Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers."—Coleridge.

"Your labor only may be sold; your soul must not."—Ruskin.

"The future is but the past entered by another gate."—Pinero.

"The value of an idea has nothing whatsoever to do with the sincerity of the man who expresses it."—Oscar Wilde.

"The basis of our political systems is the right of the people to make and to alter their Constitutions of Government."—Washington.

"The shortest sermon on earth is, 'Think for yourself.' The hardest word in the English language to pronounce is 'No'."
—Brisbane.

CURRENT MAGAZINES

McCALL'S

In the December "McCall's," there is an article entitled "Four Soldiers From Four Countries." In it, these four soldiers, who fought in the Great War for what they thought was right, give an inspiring message to the world, revealing the deathless ideals that have survived the war. These four are: Erich Maria Remarque, the German private who wrote "All Quiet On the Western Front"; R. C. Sheriff, the English officer, author of the play, "Journey's End"; Henri Barbusse, the French soldier who wrote "Under Fire," and Capt. John W. H. Thomas, Jr., the captain of the American Marines, who wrote "Fix Bayonets."

These four short articles are full of pleas for the ideals that have survived the war, pleas for peace that can come only when brothers of the world have love for one another.

AMERICAN MAGAZINE

In the November "American Magazine," Emil Ludwig contributes one of the most interesting and enlightening articles of recent years. His subject is "The Ten Greatest Women." Throughout the rather long piece, Mr. Ludwig maintains the interest of the reader, and stimulates thinking.

Starting with Aspasia, the beautiful and talented companion of Pericles, the author discusses in detail the ten women who have influenced the world most. The list includes the following: Aspasia, the Grecian beauty; Joan of Arc, the maid of Orleans, who saved France; Queen Elizabeth, the virgin queen of England; Marie Theresa, the Queen consort of France, who so influenced that nation; Madame de Maintenon, the authoress and patroness of literature in seventeenth century France; Florence Nightingale, the English nurse, who made her name live forever by her service in the Crimean War; Harriet Beecher Stowe, the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the book which aroused the whole world just before the Civil War; Marie Curie, the famous scientist, who discovered radium; and, lastly, Eleanora Duse, the wonderful Italian actress.

Ludwig closes his article with these words: "When a woman of genius mates with a man, she verges on the tragi-comic, for he is inferior to her in everything, and yet he is her master. But when a woman of genius also bears and rears children, then she has excelled masculine genius."

Wofford College Journal

Established 1889

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Entered at the postoffice, Spartanburg, S. C., as second-class matter.

THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL is published seven times a year, on the fifteenth of the month, by the Student Body.

Subscription per year, $1.25.

EDITORIALS

Prizes

This month the contributions for "The Journal" came in at a much more rapid rate, and we certainly do appreciate it. But the situation on Wofford Campus is by no means perfect, and much will have to be done yet in order to print a creditable magazine for the college. Next month, perhaps, if there is cooperation, we will be able to have the "December Journal" ready before the Christmas holidays.

There is some literary talent on the campus, and it is the purpose of "The Journal" to find it and to cultivate it. Write until your effort approaches perfection. Don't be down-hearted because your first effort is not published. Fannie Hurst contributed over two hundred short stories to various mazazines before a single one was accepted. Today she is the highest paid short story writer in America. Try perseverance—it pays.

To further the literary life of Wofford College, "The Journal" wishes to announce through its columns that the prizes will again be offered this year. There will be three prizes, five dollars for the best short story published, five dollars for the best essay, and five dollars for the best poem.

Let's try. They are worth winning.

Specialization

Many students who come to college try to specialize too soon. They think that they are to study a certain profession, and refuse to take any subjects that do not directly apply to their future work. They fail to see the real value of a college education. They do not grasp the meaning of a broadening training. College life should accomplish more that fitting a man to make money. It should train him to be a gentleman, to know the finer and more cultural things of life, and to have a finer conception of what life really is. Some men are entirely too visionary. There is a middle ground between the two extremes, and there is where most of us should be.

An education should consist of some things that train the individual in thinking. These might or might not be directly applicable to life. One should have a broad, cultural education at first, and later specialize, perhaps.

Lately, there has been much discussion on this subject, and the views are widely separated. Yet, it seems that when a college student shuns every course that does not bear directly on his chosen work, he is making a sad and irreparable mistake.

New Department

We are including in the November issue a new department — "Current Magazines." Each month we will select two or three outstanding current magazine articles, and review them briefly. In "Such Things As Books," we are giving a general view of the books; in "Listening In," some of the world's most famous sayings, and in "Current Magazines," a review of the best articles for the month. It is the hope of "The Journal" that each will prove interesting and worthwhile.

—J. C. O.

SUCH THINGS AS BOOKS

WILLIAM A. WOFFORD, *Editor*

I

"SCARLET SISTER MARY"

By Julia Peterkin

Although published in 1928, this novel is yet new enough to be discussed freely. "Scarlet Sister Mary" received the Pulitzer award for that year, and still tops the list of best sellers.

In her latest novel, the distinguished author writes with sure, swift and telling strokes of the life of the Gullah negroes on the great Blue Brook plantation. Mrs. Peterkin portrays with the same reality the life of Mary that she used in the life of Black April in her first book. She writes with fresh and living words that make her story direct and forceful.

The novel is exquisite in its simplicity; it has the sustained beauty of a lyric, which makes it a rare creation. "Scarlet Sister Mary" is a story of the earth's richness and the sun's warmth, a story that goes far behind the polite screen of civilization to life's naked elements of birth, growth and death.

II

"WHITEOAKS OF JALNA"

By Mazo de la Roche

Of the deluge of fall books, none will likely prove more popular than this newest novel by the author of "Jalna." Miss de la Roche has done that very rare thing of writing two books about the same family in succession with such marked success.

In her novel, the author writes with the same shrewd observation and poetic charm that characterized the earlier book. All her brilliant characterization, her rich, rare humor and her sincerity serve to make this novel even better than her first.

There are many passages of rare beauty in "Whiteoaks of Jalna," and the reader will find it well worth while.

III

"THE DARK JOURNEY"

By Julian Green

"The Dark Journey" won the Harper prize for 1929-30, and is Julian Green's third novel, being translated from the French. It will rank as the most distinguished novel on the Harper prize list since Anne Parrish's book, "The Perennial Bachelor."

The novel opens in a little French town. The world is filled with sordid hate, with grim passion and stark fear and malice. Paul Gueret, its central character, is a man prematurely old, the tutor to the son of a rich

couple in the provencial town of Chanteilles. From his drab surroundings, he can feel no hope of escape, until he meets Angele. Into his passion for her he pours all the pent up yearnings for freedom from his distasteful wife. Into this little world peopled with hate we are carried on by the swiftness of the narrative, that flows on with the majesty and the beauty of an epic.

"The Dark Journey" is grim and powerful. It is tragedy in its highest form, and there is a strange gloom in the book. It leaves one depressed. But, somehow, the reader is pleased with the story and the ending.

This latest Harper novel will please and entertain.

IV

"QUEEN ELIZABETH"

By Katherine Anthony

In this biography, Miss Anthony has taken a character that has all the elements needed to arouse dramatic interest in her fate. Queen Elizabeth's life is especially suited to the writer of fiction, and the present book, if it can be said, is more of the type of the novel than of the biography.

In preparing this book, Miss Anthony did a vast amount of research that fitted her to write with authority. The result is one of the most human biographies that has appeared in recent years.

In discussing the scandals that have gathered around the name of Queen Elizabeth, the author has traced every one back to its source, and shows that they were first told by the enemies of Elizabeth.

The book is a selection of the Literary Guild and has already entered the list of best sellers.

BRIEF REVIEWS

"Homeplace"—Maristan Chapman. Mrs. Chapman in "Homeplace" scores again. Her first novel, "The Happy Mountain," was published in 1928 and was received with enthusiasm. Her second novel has some of the same characters in the same setting. It promises to be a notable book.

"Wings On My Feet"—Howard W. Odum. This is a sequel to "Rainbow Round My Shoulder," taking the black Ulysses to the war in France. These two books give the most comprehensive study of the American Negro yet written.

"Henry the Eighth" — Francis Hackett. This biography was selected by the Book of the Month Club earlier in 1929. It is an interesting and instructive picture of Henry the Eighth.

"Fighting Caravans"—Zane Grey. The novels of this master will always be welcome to thousands of adventure-loving Americans. This novel has just been published, and doubtless will be read with a great deal of interest.

"A Farewell to Arms"—Ernest Hemingway. All those who read and enjoyed Mr. Hemingway's former novel, "The Sun Also Rises," will also be interested in his latest work. It is a peculiar novel with the war as its background. Some it will please and some it will not.

BOOKS AND THE MAN

A new biography on Ibsen, the Norwegian dramatist, has recently appeared. It contains much new material about the early formative years that so influenced his later life. The title of the book is "Ibsen, the Master Builder."

Ethel Barrymore will visit Julia Peterkin some time this winter on her South Carolina plantation. Miss Barrymore is to have the title role in "Scarlet Sister Mary," a dramatization of Mrs. Peterkin's prize winning novel. The play is to be staged some time in the New Year.

While on the plantation, Miss Barrymore will study the character of the Gullah negro so that her characterization of Mary will be a true one.

The latest selection of the Literary Guild is Oliver La Farge's "Laughing Boy." It is a novel of the Navajo Indians, and promises to be an interesting addition to the fall lists.

The latest book of Emil Ludwig is called "July, '14." Its publication date was Armistice Day, November 11th. It vividly describes the state of affairs in Europe in July, 1914, immediately preceding the outbreak of the Great War.

Two other war books have recently been published: "It's a Great War," by Mary Lee, and "God Have Mercy On Us," by William T. Scanlon. The $25,000 war novel prize sponsored by the American Legion Monthly and Houghton, Mifflin Co. was divided between these two Americans. One was a civilian employee of the A. E. F., the other was a fighting marine. One writes of the war close behind the lines, the other of the war in the trenches.

Thomas Mann, widely known German novelist, whose best known work is "The Magic Mountain," has been awarded this year's Nobel prize for literature.

Among those mentioned as possible candidates for the prize were Sinclair Lewis and Thornton Wilder, American writers; G. K. Chesterton and John Galsworthy, of Great Britain; Maxim Gorky, the Russian; Guglielmo Ferrero, the Italian, and Erich Remarque, German writer.

BEST SELLERS

Fiction—

1. "A Farewell to Arms" —Ernest Hemingway.
2. "All Quiet On the Western Front" —Erich Remarque.
3. "Windlestraws"—Phyllis Bottome.
4. "They Stooped to Folly" —Ellen Glasgow.
5. "Hans Frost"—Hugh Walpole.

Non-Fiction—

1. "The Tragic Era"—Claude Bowers.
2. "Queen Elizabeth" —Katherine Anthony.
3. "The Art of Thinking"—Ernest Dimnet.
4. "Lorenzo, the Magnificent" —David Loth.
5. "Beethoven, the Creator" —Romain Rolland.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

JOHNNIE MAY, *Editor*

EXCHANGES

"The Wofford Journal" extends an invitation to any college magazine in the United States to exchange with it. We believe that mutual help will come of it. There is nothing better to help us both than friendly, constructive criticism. There is nothing that will hurt more than biting, destructive criticism. Let our relations be friendly and helpful.

"THE CONCEPT"

Converse College

One of the first college magazines to reach our desk is the "Converse Concept," and the college should certainly be proud of it, because it is an excellent first issue. Probably the one word that would adequately describe the magazine is "distinctive." Originality and facility of expression are noticeable qualities.

The outstanding number in the October "Concept" is the play, "Nollie's Burial Dress," by Miss Leland. It is well constructed and has that rare quality of making the reader feel his personal participation. When Nollie's death is announced, you literally skip a breath or two, so intense is your sympathy. As for the play, there is nothing but praise, but we feel that a more appropriate title could have been given the drama. "Nollie's Burial Dress" certainly reveals the outcome of the story to a certain extent. Another title that would have held the suspense would, we think, have been better. But that is minor.

The October "Concept" contains but one story. It is also written by Miss Leland. The editor certainly has in her a valuable contributor. More stories would add much to the magazine.

The poetry is abundant and varied. Converse has never seemed to have trouble in obtaining poetic material. "Wild Thyme" is an important department in the magazine.

We value our exchange with the "Converse Concept" very highly.

"CHICORA MAGAZINE"

Chicora College

We think Miss Bridges' poem was very original and the high light of your magazine. Not only does it show humor, but talent as well. The author is certainly modern in her writing. We suggest that Miss Dove send a copy of her poem, "Thinking Of You," to "Jane." It may prove very comforting to her, as it has to us. Miss Dove is better at poetry than stories. Her story is well written, but somehow the suspense is sacrificed. We recommend Miss Wilson's article, "Drama vs. Novel," as well worth reading. "The Chicora Magazine" is a valuable contribution to college literature, notwithstanding some defects.

"THE CRITERION"

Columbia College

The October "Criterion" is an attractive magazine, having a varied assortment of

poems, sketches, and stories. Among the stories, "The Heart of Priscilla Ann" is especially worthy; among the poems, the best is "Memory."

Two of the sketches, so called, would have been more appropriate in the Editorial Department, rather than in the Literary Department. These are "Welcome to Our Freshmen" and "Friendliness." These do not seem to be subjects for sketches. As editorials, they are to the point.

We wish to commend the Editorial, Book Review, and Y. W. C. A. Departments of "The Criterion." The review of "Roper's Row" is well written.

"The Columbia College Criterion" is small, but attractive, and contains some excellent material.

"THE CAROLINIAN"

University of South Carolina

The first issue of the "Carolinian" contains a wealth of material, some excellent and some fair. The magazine has always been above the average of college magazines, probably because the university is so large that the contributions are numerous.

The October number contains no less than seven poems, seven short stories, four essays, one sketch, and the regular departments. It certainly has variety. The poetry is especially good, three being noteworthy. These are "Old Letters," "Campfire" and "Stardust."

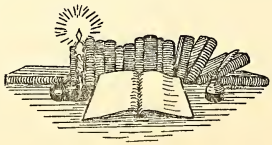
The stories are, for the most part, well written. The three editorials are well constructed.

Finally, "The Carolinian" is well worth reading.

"THE WINTHROP JOURNAL"

Winthrop College

The October "Journal" is well balanced and shows that there is some real talent in the college. We especially enjoyed Miss Murchison's sketch, "Oscar Giles, Carnival-Goer." Unless you tell us who the author of "A Matter of Evidence" is, we shall be forced to believe that S. S. Van Dine has consented to write for your magazine. Miss Kennerly and Miss Broughton are a little discouraging to college students. If they would consult Miss Clotworthy, perhaps she could show them that there is a bright side to everything, as she convinced us in her optimistic view of things in "Discovery." We have filed your magazine, and anxiously await the next issue of "The Journal."



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Harold Miller

The Christmas Star
William Arnette Wofford

South Carolina Literature
Joseph M. Doggett

CONTRIBUTING

W. S. Bethea
Allen E. Hyatt
James E. Harbin
Edward Gilmore
L. C. Harrelson
Clyde A. Nelson

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CHRISTMAS

By A Dreamer

THE fresh cold air of winter blows the dead trees to and fro. The gray sky hangs low over a barren earth. The ground is frozen from cold. The picture of winter is drab.

But, high among the cold, gray clouds, a tiny, white snowflake begins its downward journey. It flutters in the wind. Soon there are others, dotting the sky here and there. The gray expanse takes on the appearance of a checkerboard, and the earth becomes whiter and whiter until the whole ground is covered. The late afternoon turns into evening. Everything is now completely white. The flakes cease falling and the gray clouds roll back, leaving the clear, cold blue. The shadows from a golden moon match fantastically with the whiteness of the snow. The still, cold night is entrancing. The picture of winter is beautiful.

Christmas—that season of rejoicing. That time when the thoughts of men should turn from earthly things to the higher ones. A period of thanksgiving and of joy. Christmas—that perfect season of the year.

Christmas—the season of rejoicing, the period of giving, the time of love.

REVENGE

By Harold Miller

GIACOMO MANELLI reached by the mantel and pulled the ornate tassel. It was the bell by which the rich summoned servants in those aristocratic, ancient houses of New Orleans. Manelli felt that he must summon someone into the room. Someone — anyone. Anyone, even a servant, would be better than the bleak emptiness which surrounded him.

"Stradello," he said, when the servant had come, "I'll have dinner here in the library."

"Very well, sir." The tone and the words of the servant seemed to mock him, to jeer at his fright and cowardice. He wondered if Stradello knew anything of the affair.

Revenge! Was it to come after all these years? No! No! He told himself it could not come, it could not happen in this modern, civilized nation. They would not dare to seek vengence. It was preposterous. He would not be so credulous as to believe what they threatened. He was foolish. He laughed aloud. Yet here he was in his library, shuddering by a cheerful fire, thinking of blackest deeds in the beautiful room. Here he was in his own bright library, rich, powerful, yet inspired by an unknown fear of everyone, which made him hold his breath. His fear extended even to his butler, his chauffeur, his cook. They seemed to his heightened imagination to hide some malevolent purpose behind their stolid countenances. He was powerless in his own house. His thoughts were incoherent. But one sentence struggled through his consciousness: "This is the day! The day! The day for—revenge, revenge!"

He jumped up suddenly. His face was white with fear. An irregular, choked cry gurgled from his throat. Had it—had the revenge come? But no, it was only Stradello with dinner. How foolish of him to be startled at so simple a thing. But his heart sank as he realized how fearful he was of the events of the night.

"Dinner is served, sir." Stradello carted the tea table in front of Manelli.

He took a sip of chilled wine. It burned his lips and throat as if it were molten steel. He glanced at the impassive face of the servant. Only a bland, innocent face confronted him. But did he fancy that he could detect a hovering grim humor on that mask-like face? At any rate, there was something devilish, something tantalizing in the countenance which seemed to touch some uncovered nerve and send a shock through his body.

"Stradello, you may go. I shall doubtless be a long time. If I need you, I'll ring." It took a great effort for Manelli to say the words.

"Yes, sir." Again there was the cold, impassivity of countenance and knowing eyes. Outwardly, there was only the face of the best of servants. Inwardly, Manelli thought, the servant knew all. He could have sworn that the servant was a ruthless agent of the

revenge, some fantastic, all-pervading force.

He lost himself in meditation, his eyes staring wide at the flickering flame of fire, as if he saw the events of his life in retrospect represented there. He had been born on the island of Corsica, in a thatched hut, simple, but how happy. His life had been uneventful as a boy, and even until he came to be a young man, he had lived the life of his ancestors. Ah! How happy he had been. How beautiful had been life, how noble the rugged mountains, the golden sunshine. Would that never he had left his home. But one day an incident had occurred which changed his whole life. La Mafia had run wild, and for some reason, had killed a patriarch of the island. La Mafia—that satanic, almost unreal organization which some people, who were not Corsican, did not believe existed—had broken out turbulently. Indeed, he, Giacomo Manelli, was not a member of the despotic band. But he was a handsome young man, and in some way had heard of the crime. He had obtained proof of the guilt of the murderer. Of course, he had not intended to use his proof. He had heard it entirely incidentally. He had never meant to use it. No, not when La Mafia meted out such a terrible death to everyone who learned it. But his indignation at the murder increased until he found it impossible not to reveal the murderers. At that time special officers had been sent to the village to probe the death of the man. He made his plans. Ever so cautiously he would inform the officers. He certainly would not go openly in broad daylight. He would go secretly at night. It was no sooner thought than done. One night he slipped furtively to the house of the officers. His story, his proof, his vindication were told to the officers. He was preparing to go, satisfied that no one had seen him. But the officer detained him.

"Wait a minute, Giacomo, let's have a glass of wine."

"No, no. Thanks, officer, I must be hastening."

But already the native servant was entering with wine. At the sight of Giacomo, she raised surprised eyes for a moment. His heart beat wildly. He fled without another word.

He had imagined at first that he was safe, but he could not endure the torture of his fear. Surely everyone knew well what he had done. Surely La Mafia was even then planning some terrible, torturous death for him. He fancied that the natives looked at him as at an enemy, that they shunned him as if he were marked for some disaster. He could not stay in Corsica. For once in the grips of that grim monster, La Mafia, nothing could save his life. Officers are powerless to discover and punish. There are no witnesses to its crimes, for La Mafia is so horrible that dread of it blinds the people and sews their lips together. Thus it is that La Mafia is almost an organization which does not exist. To escape its vengeance, he had fled to New Orleans.

Now Giacomo shifted uneasily in his chair and drew from his pocket a scrap of paper. It was a facsimile of one he had been receiving for years at intervals. This one he had found several days ago. It had been placed in his pocket by someone unknown

to him. Giacomo read with trembling lips.

"Thursday night at twelve there will be rejoicing. The old country and the new have waited long for this hour. Now the hour is drawing close."

"The man who believes this note is utterly absurd. It is fantastic. I will throw it into the fire and forget about it." The note was unsigned, but for Giacomo it was the same as if "La Mafia" were printed under it in indelible red. A strained laugh sounded from his lips. He cast the paper into the fire. But his uneasiness was increased even more. For the paper would not burn—it stayed for a moment on the blazing bed of coals and then was whipped upwards by the flame. To the beholder, it was a symbol of La Mafia, as indestructible as that band itself.

Giacomo surveyed his dinner. He would have to eat something. But again Stradello entered.

"Did you call, sir?"

"No." Giacomo was even more troubled by the serenity of the man's face. It was plain that Stradello was the agent of La Mafia who was to play the spectre—Death. Left alone, Manelli began to eat. But his first mouthful burned his throat and choked him. He could not trust anyone. La Mafia had power to extend into his household. How did he know that his food was not poisoned? Abruptly, he pushed the dinner away. He could already imagine himself swelling in agonies of poisoning. He selected a bottle of wine, but he could not force himself to taste it. Oh! He would get his wine from the chest. He would get that. There would be no poison in it. He rushed to a beautifully carved chest and took several bottles from it. He poured a glass and drank deeply. Stradello appeared, his crafty face still bland. He startled Manelli so that he dropped the glass and broke it.

"Did you call, sir?"

"No! No! But take the dinner out! I am through!"

"What, sir! Why, you have eaten nothing."

"I wish nothing!" Giacomo paled. His eyes were glued on the servant's figure until he left the room. To his disordered senses, Stradello became the embodiment of horror. He was not his servant. He was La Mafia, he was a spectre of Death. Three times he had entered unbidden. Three times a grim humor on the face had cast a shadow on Giacomo's spirit. Three times the figure had approached with the countenance of a gargoyle. The remembrance of that fearful face frenzied Giacomo. He drank a glass of wine at a gulp.

Left alone, his thoughts lost all coherency. The fire's light made strange creatures of the shadows of the furniture. Beasts—crawling, crouching, restless creatures. They aroused an uncontrollable emotion in him. He jumped up, switched on all the lights of the room. They shone brilliantly. Before, it had been a darkened inferno. Now, it was too garish with light. A wedding room for a funeral—a festive scene for a nightmare. Outside, rain fell in gusts. Flashes of lightning illuminated the earth. Branches of trees brushed against the house. The noise maddened Manelli. He could not stay still. He poured a glass of wine—his hand

trembled. He looked fearfully around him, from door to windows. A night, he thought, for dreadful deeds; a night as lawless, as uncontrollable as La Mafia; a night for death. He waited with ears intent, as if he expected something.

Maddened by wine, he went again to the chest. From it he brought a long, slender dagger. It was a beautiful instrument, of a rich metal, and curiously ornamented. The blade was of bronze, the hilt of gold blazoned with signs reminiscent of old Corsica. He placed it nearby on a table. A sudden impulse caused him to laugh. He had a vision of old Corsica, the purple-misted mountains, the clustered villages, the thick forest glades. Thought of fear vanished and a mellow content filled him. But in a moment stark fear clutched him. A noise outside the house shook him. He trembled and screamed involuntarily. Instantly Stradello was in the room.

"Did you call, sir?"

"No! No! Go out! Do not come in. I want nothing!" He could not repress the formless sounds that came from his throat. He rushed to the door behind the servant and locked it. He sank down, exhausted, before the fire. He could not move. He could not speak. He gasped. Thoughts tumbled tumultuously through his brain.

He looked toward the door. Was not Stradello at the door. Did he not have a dagger in his hand. His face was expanded to an expectant fiendish grin. The servant advanced and stood still.

"Did you call, sir?"

He came toward Giacomo with a pointed, accusing finger. Manelli shouted.

"Back! Back! Stop!"

He seized the dagger on the table. He could not endure the terror, the nameless horror which crushed him. The figure moved forward — hand uplifted. But Giacomo Manelli raised the dagger. He let it fall with all his strength into his own breast. His eyes dimmed. The spectre vanished. La Mafia had had its revenge.

THE CLOCK TICKED

By W. S. Bethea

THE two women looked at each other; they looked at the clock; they looked at the door. The lady in grey spoke:

"I 'phoned fifteen minutes ago."

"You should have called Glickner. The Bellamys always use him," interjected the lady in blue.

"Smoot has attended the Manning family for years, my dear."

"The Bellamys—."

There burst into the living-room a distracted young man. He ran his twitching fingers through his hair, which was already rumpled, and strode up and down.

"For the love of Mike—," he panted, stopping and pulling aside the window curtains. He dashed out the front door.

"How nervous he is!" exclaimed the lady in grey.

"What could you expect — a song and dance?" snapped the blue-clad one.

Her companion shrugged her shoulders.

The young man, accompanied by a portly gentleman in faultless morning clothes, who bore a little, odd-shaped, black handbag, entered breathlessly. The two ladies sprang up, the one twisting her handkerchief, the other tapping with her slipper on the rug; but the portly gentleman had blandly disappeared into the adjoining room. They turned as one to the young man, who had sunk awkwardly into a deep Morris chair. Together they reached to place a comforting hand on his shoulder.

"Don't be like that," crooned the grey-clad one.

"Now listen to reason," soothed the other.

With a futile gesture, the man sprang up and began pacing up and down. He went out, and the two ladies resumed their chairs. Out of a velvet box the lady in grey took a beautiful gold-lined silver cup. She held it up for the other's inspection and noticed that her companion had also produced a gleaming object. The articles changed hands. On the cup the blue-clad one saw "Manning." The spoon, scintillating in the morning sun, bore "Bellamy." Without comment the two ladies handed them back. The grey-clad one twisted her handkerchief; the lady in blue tapped with her slipper on the rug.

The clock ticked.

At the shutting of a door, they turned. The portly gentleman, who bore a little odd-shaped black bag in his left hand, stood beaming suavely upon them. The index and middle fingers of his right hand were suggestively prominent. The two ladies looked at each other; they looked at the clock; they looked at the man. Simultaneously from both came:

"Twins."

RESIGNED

By Edward Gilmore

McGRAW, chief of the city detective bureau, exhaled a large, thick cloud of smoke, twisted his moustache, and addressed the new member of his force. This new member was Henry A. Burns, a clever young man, and a recent honor graduate of a thirty-day course offered (at a moderate price) by the Metropolitan Detective Correspondence School of New York City. The bureau had accepted Henry on the strong recommendation of his Alma Mater.

"Burns, there has been too many hold-ups in the business section in the last few days. Because of your fine work at the detective school, I am going to put you on this district, and I want you to clear up those bandits. Keep a close watch on the jewelry stores, especially Silverstein & Co., watchmakers

and jewelers, on Main Street. They have already asked for protection."

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"That's all."

Burns promised his hearty support, and, after shaking hands with McGraw, he left the office and began an inspection of his district.

While on this tour of inspection, he encountered what seemed to be the first irregularity. A middle-aged man, stocky, neatly dressed, but undoubtedly of foreign birth, entered the store of Silverstein & Co. The man's resemblance to a city gangster immediately aroused the suspicion of Henry A. Burns. After a delay of a minute or two, he entered the store, expecting to see the stocky man covering the proprietor with an automatic, but no such sight greeted his eyes. In fact, he did not see any one. Henry was making a tactful exit when he heard voices in a near room. He stopped and listened.

"Don't raise the alarm," said a voice in a cool, clear, commanding tone.

Henry experienced a queer, chilly feeling.

"Is it possible to enter the back?"

"No," came the faint reply.

"If there is no other way, break the glass."

Henry heard the crash and tinkling of breaking glass.

"Now, raise those hands," continued the voice. "Lift that face, too."

Henry A. Burns hurriedly but quietly left the store and telephoned McGraw from a neighboring drug store.

"Bring a squad up to Silverstein's." Breathlessly he drew his gun and tip-toed to the door of the rear room. Plucking up his courage, he entered, but stopped short. What he had supposed was a hold-up was only the stocky man explaining the art of dismantling a clock to a jeweler's apprentice.

"Who are you?" Henry demanded.

The stocky man jerked around.

"Vy, mine name iss Silverstein."

. . . . . .

Henry A. Burns has resigned from the city detective bureau.

SOUTH CAROLINA LITERATURE

By Joseph M. Doggett

To the military and political history of our country, South Carolina has unquestionably a most noble contribution. From the earliest time of its existence, her sons have been peculiarly conspicuous for military ability and constructive statesmanship, and perhaps this State has contributed more than any other, save Virginia, to the successful creation of the Union. The causes of such prominence are accredited to the profound interest our State showed in common with those of the rest of the South. It made necessary a determined championship of the rights and powers of the State as opposed to the encroachment of the Federal government. Her share, too, in the literary

history is equally as noble and important, and should be a source of genuine pride and gratification.

The great lack of interest and encouragement on the part of our people in the past years in our unusual literary heritage is to be deeply deplored and looked on with shame. Recently, however, many satisfying evidences of an awakening interest have become visible. Many of the citizens realize that in the past years there have been literary masters and masterpieces hidden away in obscure manuscripts, magazines. Many valuable collections of books and pamphlets by South Carolinians have been produced by patriotic citizens interested in the preservation of such a literary record as our State affords. A large number of minor writers have been rescued from utter oblivion. These men have accomplished something, however small their contribution is. During the periods of civil strife and reconstruction, they kept alive an interest in pure letters by their sincere example, genuine culture and never-dying influence.

One of the most notable contributions to the literary history of South Carolina is the service rendered by the long succession of magazines and other periodicals that were born, lived a short life, and became extinct. Though they were poorly supported and were short lived, they furnished an organ for a few professional writers, and were a great stimulus to literary productivity. No one can deny that American literature is far richer for a number of fugitive lyrics or occasional sketch that first saw the light in those faded and musty pages.

The literature of South Carolina has not, as yet, received rightful attention in the history of American literature. One critic asserts that Timrod, Hayne and Simms must be seriously reckoned with in any just account of our nation's literary development. Another declares that this section had accomplished at least ten times as much in the realm of letters as the northern critics had given credit for.

Though South Carolina has not taken as preeminent a part in the field of pure letters as she has in the making of the national history, she can certainly lay claim to no inconspicuous part in the former. So far from insignificant has been her literary output that one competent critic says that down to the year 1870, South Carolina had made a more important contribution to national letters than any other State, except Massachusetts.

The literary output of South Carolina is influenced directly by, and is a natural offshoot of, the mother country. Unlike the literary beginnings of primitive peoples, which find their life in popular ballads, and epics handed down from father to son, our literature followed the identical lines of development as the English. The literature of this early Royal Province was distinctively and altogether imitative. We find a peculiarly close relation between the literary development of our State and the classical and romantic schools of expression in Great Britain. After a half century of imitation in writing and a separate political existence, a few of our authors attained a considerable degree of originality in choice of subject,

style and treatment. This marks the beginning of our literary independence.

Literary efforts of South Carolinians differed greatly in motive from the contemporary New Englanders. The former being essentially aesthetic or political, the latter, ethical, philosophical or religious—an eddy, as can be seen, of the great transcendental movement. Both, however, showed a love and regard for nature. Our singers treated of the bright aspects of life, while the New Englanders preferred the gloomier side. All the influences of the New England civilization tended toward making moralists and reformers, while those of the South inevitably produced statesmen and soldiers.

Most of the conditions favorable and adaptive for the production of literature were found in Charleston. It was there that the wealth, taste and culture were centered. Some of the most famous private libraries in the United States were to be found here.

The poets must be considered not only for their intrinsic excellence and for the local interest of their works, but for the important part in our contribution to national poetry. Herein lies the State's greatest claim for attention in American history. Certainly no comprehensive anthology would be complete without the offerings of South Carolina's sweet singers. Among our poets, Hayne and Timrod, of course, hold preeminence in song, and are steadily gathering fame as they are, more and more, made the subjects of critics and the literary people of the country. Attending these two, there is a group of minor poets, who for native talent, skill in the art of poetry, and selection of subjects, deserve a far wider reputation and far more serious critical attention than they have, as yet, received.

To oratory in South Carolina we must pay tribute. Our statesmen of the provincial regime and of the early commonwealth found their models among the English parlimentary orators, Burke, Walpole, and Sheridan, who in turn inherited the principles of Demosthenes and Cicero. The difference in English and South Carolina oratory was to be found, not in kind, but in personality. For generations this State was a school of oratory, and in this field she does not yield her preeminence to any other. On account of political conditions, this State was extraordinarily prolific in orators, who reverentially received their art from their ancestors and devoutly transmitted it to their successors.

Simms is the outstanding representative of the novelists in South Carolina. His works follow the characteristic paths of romantic fiction perfected by Scott. In this he is much like James Fenimore Cooper. Other minor novelists followed the path of Simms and added much to our local literature.

Not only has our State taken a conspicuous part in making history, but has been prolific in historians, who from the earliest colonial times have collected a complete and interesting record of public events in the form of annals, journals, letters, chronicles, pamphlets and formal histories. Indeed, the writing of history was one of our literary impulses by which the people expressed themselves. Surely credit due them is great.

Turning to the present time, we find a great interest in reading and writing good

literature. Our authors are recognized among the best. Probably no other writer in this country has accomplished such a thing as Julia Peterkin. Her novels of the negro race are always among the best sellers. "Scarlet Sister Mary" recently received the highest award in America, namely, the Pulitzer prize. Another notable writer of this State is DuBose Heyward, whose novels are noteworthy. Among his best works are "Porgy" and "Mamba's Daughters." Both of these books are concerned with the negro race.

To show the importance of South Carolina literature at the present time, a recent action of a book club will help. The Literary Guild is one of the largest and best known clubs of this kind. Each month the editorial board selects what it considers the best book of the month. This selection is sent to over a hundred thousand subscribers. Last year, during a period of four months, three of the selections were written by South Carolinians. These were: "Meet General Grant," by W. E. Woodward; "The Magic Island," by W. B. Seabrook, and "Mamba's Daughters," by DuBose Heyward.

From this outline of the literature of our State, one can hardly fail to have pride for what has been accomplished in this highest and most exacting of all arts. The growth has been gradual but sure, and it has been from imitative provincialism toward a greater originality and wider liberalism. The attitude of the people of the State is rapidly changing for the better. Our literary past is encouraging and the outlook for a splendid future is full of hope and promise. Surely we are destined for a literary revival of far-reaching significance.

MY CHRISTMAS TREE

By Allen E. Hyatt

Of all the Christmas trees I've seen
In houses trimmed with red and green,
I've never seen a one compare
With mine, above my garden bare.

Dark cones throughout thick boughs it holds,
The blue jays nestle in its folds,
And when the night winds whisper there,
Asleep I fall, released of care.

Speak not of Christmas trees to me—
You who kill the live and free.
That life's the same in tree and man
Is hard to learn, but kind souls can.

THE BISCUIT ROLLER

By James E. Harbin

DAN McGILL was an intelligent mulatto, employed by the Mullins Lumber Company. He was employed by the company at a very early age, and, being quick to learn, had been promoted, by a gradual process, from the "stave pile" to boss of the "heading table." The position he now held was a responsible one, requiring an accurate ability to detect defects in boards at the slightest glance and to manipulate skillfully the machinery with which he made heads for hogsheads. Through long experience, he had gained such an ability.

But there was another side to Dan—he was married and had three children. Despite the fact that he was a hard worker and a good provider, it was impossible for him to settle down. He could not control that insatiable instinct—that all negroes have—of roaming around at night, finding a crowd or a good looking high-yallah brown. Each night, as soon as it was dark, his ramblings began—sometimes they ended up in a fight or a good drunk. Under no circumstances would he stay at home, nor would he allow his wife to leave. "Ramblin' is fo' de men fo'ks," explained Dan.

His wife patiently stood these forever existing conditions for four long years, but at last she found a valid alibi and left him without any notice of departure, with three small children on his hands. In spite of this, Dan was on hand the next morning ready to go to work. He worked all morning in sullen silence, only speaking when spoken to. This was contrary to Dan's spirit, for he always had some wild escapade to relate concerning last night's adventure, or some song to sing, again and again. Along toward noon he began to give vent to his feelings in a low, mournful tone of voice:

"Lawd, Lawdy, I'se havin' a time,
My biscuit-roller done gone an' lef' me
behin'."

A negro must give vent to his feelings or else he will commit suicide, and no negro has ever committed suicide.

Suddenly he began singing again one of the blue songs that was hardly intelligible above the roar of machinery:

"I woke up dis mawnin'
Wid de blues all 'roun' my head,
I b'lieve to my soul
Blues gonna kill me dead.

"Oh, my baby, my baby,
You don' know my min'
We'n you see me laughin',
Laughin' jus' to keep from cryin'.

"If I feel tomorrow,
Lawd, lak I feel today,
Gonna pack my suit-case,
Lawd, an' walk away."

Quickly followed the song about the difference between a dollar and a woman:

"Now listen, con'regation,

I want you to un'erstan';
A dollar goes from han' to han',
But a woman goes from man to man."

Then that lonesome, wailing song — "Trouble":

"Trouble, trouble, I'se had it all my days,
Trouble, trouble, gonna ride me to my grave.

"Trouble, trouble, I'se had it all my life,
Trouble, trouble, done rid me of my wife.

"Trouble, trouble, done lef' an' gone,
Trouble, trouble, comin' again jus' sho' you bo'n."

Again:

"You got to reap what you sow,
You got to reap what you sow,
Yes, Lawd, you got to reap what you sow.
Away down in the valley, Lawd,
Away up on de mountain, Lawd,
You got to reap what you sow."

By the time the whistle blew for dinner, his spirits had risen quite a bit, only to drop with the thought that there would be no hot dinner, that his wife usually brought for him each day, and that he would be compelled to eat loaf-bread and sardines at the commissary. It was hard for him to do without his regular dinner of fried meat and rice, with a great big roasted potato for dessert; yet, that was the price to be paid.

Several of the young unmarried negroes, soon noticing Dan's plight, began to question him, and before long knew the whole story. They then began to tease and nag, making slight remarks about his wife and him. He stood it bravely until one remarked, "Anybody dat ud let uh 'oman do 'em dat way."

Dan stood it no longer. "What does I care 'bout dat 'oman? She don' worry my min'. I ain' cryin' 'bout one 'oman w'en deys plenty mo' jus' rearin' to roll my biscuits fo' me. I kin lef' heah right now an' hab me uh 'oman 'fo sun-down. De Lawd made plenty ob wimmen, an' dis heah niggah sho' Lawd knows how to git 'em. I ain' got nuttin' to worry me now, caze I tuck de chullin' ober tuh my mammy's dis mawnin' an' she gonna keep 'em fo' me. Dan McGill gonna hab uh diff'ent 'oman ebery night from now on. Lawd, Lawd."

Then he burst into a popular melody:

"Drink muddy water
An' sleep in a holla log.
I kin git mo' wimmin'
Than a passenger train kin hawl."

As the whistle blew, calling them back to work, Dan was singing:

"Ain' no use fo' me to wo'k so hard,
We'n I got a sweetie in de boss-man's yard."

During the afternoon, Dan talked and sang incessantly, gradually drowning out his sorrow, while supplementing it with his accustomed joyous and carefree nature. Over and over he sang:

"Drink muddy water
An' sleep in a holla log.
I kin git mo' wimmin
Than a passenger train kin hawl."

Now and then he would stop and mutter, "Lawd, Lawd, goin' 'cross de ribber an' git dat high-yallah brown."

In such a mood he worked furiously and by five o'clock he had sawed up all the available "heading material" and was allowed to punch out with a day's work to his credit.

Upon being told this, he took off his hat, "buck-danced" for a second or two, punched his card and disappeared out the doorway.

The next day, Dan had fried meat, rice and roasted sweet potato for dinner.

THE CHRISTMAS STAR

By William Arnette Wofford

A ball of fire in the sky,
  So many miles away,
That to the faithful shepherds there,
  Heralded the Christmas Day.
The sacred star, serene and bright,
  In gorgeous splendor, shines tonight.

The pastures bare were sprayed with light
  By the new moon's tender kiss;
Her loving arms reached out in love
  To bathe the world in bliss.
The watchful shepherds, their virgil keep,
  Through all the glorious night;
While all mankind was lost in dreams,
  They saw the wondrous light.

Through the calmness of the night,
  Away in unknown space,
Appeared the heaven's hallowed sign,
  A bright illumined face;
Forth through the night it blazed its song
  Of heaven's gracious hand;
It spread the news to all the world,
  And peace to all the land.

The wisest and the poorest all,
  Did heed the mute appeal;
Forth through the night the star did guide
  Its holiness to seal;
There by the humble manger bare,
  In meekness they did fall;
They gave to him their hearts, their love,
  To him they gave their all.

. . . . . .

The sacred star, serene and bright,
  In gorgeous splendor shines tonight.

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

By Edward Gilmore

IT was the night before Christmas.

Simon Stone, a middle-aged bachelor and a wealthy broker, disregarded the merry throngs of the street and entered the modest apartment house where he resided. Slowly he went up to his chilled and gloomy rooms, which should have been comfortably cozy on this festive occasion. They, however, only reflected Simon Stone's melancholy mood, for Simon was one of those unusual persons who do not approve of Christmas.

He wearily undressed and went to bed, and in his morose temper of mind, fell asleep.

Shortly after, he was slowly brought back to consciousness by distant music, soft and sweet, which gradually increased in volume. Stone turned over and listened. He distinguished voices in harmony and recognized the words and the tune. It was a Christmas Carol. Memories suddenly flooded him—happy memories of Christmas in his boyhood. He glanced at the luminous watch on the table. It was only eleven o'clock, but already the noises of the street had died away, and the carols alone were to be heard on that cold, clear December night. He listened again, and his soul, which had become hardened through years of selfishness, began to soften.

The music died away, but it left Simon Stone a changed man. He lay wide awake and thinking. Finally he came to the realization that life with its joys were slipping by him. He could not let this Christmas pass without doing something to make someone happy.

The sound of voices slowly pierced his thoughts. It seemed as though they came from one of the apartments on the same floor. He listened.

"—Mother, I'm hungry."

"I understand, darling, but Mother hasn't anything to give you. Daddy has been trying to find a job all day, so Mother could give her precious child something to eat—"

Simon jumped out of his bed. Here was a chance to show the Christmas spirit! He did not know that such needy people lived so near. Hurriedly he began to dress.

"—Mother, will Santy come to see me?"

"No, dear, I'm afraid Santy is too poor this year. Next Christmas, if Daddy gets a job, Santy will bring you many pretty things—"

The voices died away.

Simon was deeply touched. He continued to dress, but stopped suddenly.

"—This is station KYZ at Chicago. You have just heard a Christmas program composed of carols and a little sketch—"

. . . . . .

Simon Stone undressed, went back to bed, and fell asleep, but it was with the Christmas spirit.

RUSSIA IN MANCHURIA

By Clyde A. Nelson

JUST what are the interests of Russia in Manchuria? To formulate an answer that is correct is not easy. However, the extreme agitation at present over the question justifies an attempt.

There is hardly any justification for the claim that Russia may look upon the country as an outlet for her population. In the first place, Russia is not densely populated except in certain sections. There are millions of square miles of territory which are not settled. Furthermore, Russia has control of Siberia, a vast, unsettled country, rich in natural resources. Neither is Russia in need of the unlimited agricultural and timber products of Manchuria. It will take centuries for the Russian people to fully develop their own interests without migrating into foreign territory.

To find then, the reason, we must look to Russia's need of unobstructed access to the Pacific Ocean, and her means of communication in the far east. Manchuria, as has been shown above, is a wonderfully rich country, with a population of twenty-two millions of people. Most of these people are Chinese, and their colonization of the country has taken place in the last fifty years. These people were attracted by local industries, such as cutting timber and mining, as well as the wonderful opportunity for the farmer.

In the last decade of the last century, Russia built across the northern end of Manchuria, with the consent of the Chinese government, a railway, which forms a link in the great trans-Siberian line. This railway, which serves as an outlet and means of communication, is one explanation for Russia's national interest in Manchuria. The question, therefore, as far as it is related to Russia, is simply a question of the Chinese Eastern Railway. By building the railroad across the northern end of Manchuria, Russia was able to shorten the distance of nine hundred and twenty-five miles between the eastern and western end by four hundred miles.

The importance of the fact that the railway is the shortest link between Russia and the Pacific Ocean cannot be over emphasized. No matter what form the government of the country may take, it can never afford to ignore this question. Yet the fact that the railway has become an important factor in the economic development of Manchuria has never been apparently noticed. The development would never have taken place without the railroad.

Russia probably never saw what the results of the construction of the railway would lead to. Colonization in such large numbers was never dreamed of by the government when the thing was under construction. The great wealth of the country was known, but the prospects for development was not seen. The Chinese migrated in large numbers because of lack of space in their own country, but the railway was the forerunner of the colonization.

So it is not fair to say that Russia acted

in a selfish way in regard to the situation. Neither is it fair to say that China and Japan do not have a great interest also. It is impossible to predict the outcome of so complicated a situation. Russia and her outlet to the Pacific are involved, and China and Japan and their mutual interests in the economic development of the land are likewise implicated. The probable result, if the governments of the several countries are ever stabilized, will be some form of a compromise.

THE MEANING OF CHRISTMAS

By L. C. Harrelson

Many years it has been since the birth of our king
On a day that is still in view;
But each to our hearts, it seems, does bring
Anew thoughts of His love so true.

Away in a manger, no cradle for His bed,
(From such a place most others would remove)
But little Lord Jesus laid down His wee head;
Of earthly pride He could never approve.

So kind, so true, He was ever surpassing:
Bidding servants His will to be done.
Always in deeds He was ever outclassing;
With His love, life's tasks will be won.

Now come! Don't forget the One who's sublime:
(Well, some say it's only a myth),
But no one has ever or ever can rhyme
A true meaning of December twenty-fifth.

LISTENING IN

"God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle line—
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget."
—Kipling.

"Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation."—Franklin.

"Life is our dictionary."—Emerson.

"One truth is clear, whatever is, is right."—Pope.

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me."
—Tennyson.

"Fortunate are the children whose mothers and fathers send them to the public schools, to the democratic atmosphere, to the school that gives them the chance for success later."—Brisbane.

"Fear always springs from ignorance."—Emerson.

"Neither despise nor oppose what thou dost not understand."—William Penn.

"Follow the Christ, the King,
Live pure, speak true, right wrong,
follow the King—
Else, wherefore born?"
—Tennyson.

"Traveling is a fool's paradise."—Emerson.

"Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good.
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow."
—Wordsworth.

"Prayer as a means to effect a private end is meanness and theft."—Emerson.

"Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions, matched with mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine."
—Tennyson.

"Short is our sorrow, eternal is our joy."—Schiller.

CURRENT MAGAZINES

HARPER'S

In the December issue of "Harper's," there is a most interesting article on the city. The title of the piece written by Stuart Chase is "The Future of the Great City." Mr. Chase summarizes the positive, or pleasurable, reactions to be gained from living in New York City, and the negative, or painful. Some pleasurable things are: "Fifth Avenue below Fourteenth Street, where fine old houses and a ghost of dignity remains"; "the view of the city from a high roof garden, particularly at night"; and "cube masses against the blue sky."

Some negative reactions include "a feeling akin to being at the bottom of a well"; "jammed traffic"; and "the ripping open of streets—like a public operation."

It is a very interesting article and will repay reading.

AMERICAN MAGAZINE

In the "American Magazine" for this month, Will Durant gives another of his excellent thought-provoking articles. This one is called, "One Hundred Best Books." Taking as his motto this sentence, "Give me just one hour a day, and in four years I will make you a scholar and a philosopher," Mr. Durant selects one hundred books, which in the course of time have proven good.

Mr. Durant is one of the most popular philosophers in the world today. His style is flawless, and each of the articles deserve consideration.

CURRENT HISTORY

"Mussolini's Seven Years," by Carleton Beals, is one of the feature articles of "Current History." Mr. Beals gives a fair picture of Fascism. Nevertheless, he gives a warning that "unless Mussolini seizes upon the proper moment to broaden the powers of political control and permit freer expression of the popular will, political transition can only be effected by future revolutions and convulsions which would undermine most of his constructive efforts."

AMERICAN MERCURY

One of the most interesting articles of the month is in the December "American Mercury." It is by Emory Holloway, and is entitled, "Whitman as His Own Press Agent." The author attacks the American poet for his efforts in trying to put himself and his poetry across. Some public notices concerning the poet, which were alleged to have been put out by Whitman, are reprinted in the article.

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Established 1889

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Entered at the postoffice, Spartanburg, S. C., as second-class matter.
THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL is published seven times a year, on the fifteenth of the month, by the Student Body.
Subscription per year, $1.25.

EDITORIALS

Christmas

At this time of each year, the pulse of the world begins to beat faster. Men, women and children exert energy never before thought of. Their lives are suddenly changed for a period of approximately a month. But why this increased activity? Why this new hurrying and bustling?

You will say that it's Christmas. But what is Christmas? Is it merely a season of buying, mailing and receiving. Are we to think of it as a period of loud rejoicing? Is this the foundation of the Christmas spirit?

Is there rather not a deeper and a fuller significance to the word itself? Surely, it is a season of joy, of peace and of love. It is a time when men should cease their earthly tasks for a moment, and think of the supreme gift of the world, of that gift without which our lives would be meaningless and empty.

At Christmas we should think of our fellow men. The custom of giving presents, though sometimes overdone, is most certainly an admirable one.

Christmas, therefore, means love. No more beautiful meaning can explain it!

1930

On the heels of Christmas comes the New Year. With the first of January, the minds and resources of all are turned with new energy toward the promise of the future. There is nothing so stimulating as the privilege of being able to turn our backs to the mistakes of the past, and to look with eager eyes into the future ahead, with high hopes and aspirations of accomplishing something worth while.

At this time, resolutions are made. Many are not kept. Therefore we ask ourselves whether it is worth while to make them or not. It is. When we resolve to make a change in our lives, we show in that itself that we are seeking something better. Let's make them with the purpose of keeping them. Even though we fail, we have tried.

Our Exchanges

"The Wofford Journal" has received many publications from other colleges during the first two months of the year. It is interesting to read them, and to compare the general composition of the different ones. Students throughout the South are doing good in their literary publications. The magazines are for the most part interesting. Surely this is the primary purpose of all literature.

At Wofford, the interest is gradually increasing. For the December issue, there were many more contributions than for any other

issue. If this interest is maintained and increased steadily, in a few years Wofford will be able to compare favorably with any other in the country, along the literary line.

Don't forget the three five-dollar prizes offered by "The Journal." —J.C.O.

SUCH THINGS AS BOOKS

WILLIAM A. WOFFORD, *Editor*

"THE METHODIST FAUN"

By Anne Parrish

"The Methodist Faun" is the perfect Christmas gift. To read a book by this author is a joy; to possess one is a treasure; and to discuss one is a privilege. All the enchantment of the author's style and her delicate tenderness are effective here as they were in her former book, "The Perennial Bachelor."

It is a novel of a dreamy youth who found it impossible to understand a prosaic world. Pine Hills, with its narrow code of behavior, was where Clifford Hunter really belonged, but he wanted beauty, mystery. What life did to him, as pictured by the author, is an achievement that has been possible only to a few great writers. Anne Parrish writes with great beauty when she writes of simple things—the soft fall of snow on a windless night, or the silver-white spray of a waterfall. She paints vividly the aspirations of humble folk, weaving the strands of their obscure lives into patterns of rich and profound power.

"The Methodist Faun" is a wonderful performance. It moves with the rhythmic beat of a great symphony, swelling to the breaking point of anguish, then resolving itself majestically into quietude. It is a very lovely piece of work, much too good to be missed. Readers will be enchanted by its simplicity and its beauty.

"THE YOUNG MAY MOON"

By Martha Ostenso

Martha Ostenso is one of those rare geniuses who flash across the literary world once in a decade. Her first prize-winning novel, "Wild Geese," was tremendous. But "The Dark Dawn," her second book, had a deep and rich beauty that made it one of the outstanding novels of this time. And in this new one, she has again produced a work of art of the highest type.

"The Young May Moon" is an universal and powerful book. There is a sombre music in the book. Miss Ostenso conspicuously excels where the young novelist is ordinarily weak; in firmly conceiving and dramatizing character, and in the fundamental work of composition, there is no one writer today who excels her. She is a novelist with a genuine dramatic imagination, and a power to penetrate stark human nature. The heroine of this new book, Marcia Gunther, will stand as one of her best etched characters.

"The Young May Moon" has the touch and sweep of magnificence. Those who plunge themselves into its rich life, its love and pain

and hope, will experience a unique adventure of mind and heart, emerging at the end in the light of an exquisite calm beauty.

"THE UNCERTAIN TRUMPET"

By A. S. M. Hutchinson

In a novel as beautiful and striking as its title, Mr. Hutchinson invades the fall fiction world with a flare of trumpets. This book is bound to be widely read and discussed, if for no reason other than its author's other phenomenal success, "If Winter Comes," which, although it appeared some ten years ago, still achieves the honor of being one of the greatest modern novels. In his new book, this author is to be congratulated for having wrought so brilliant a piece of work.

It is a story of the quiet English countryside, and its drama reaches the highest emotions. The title is taken from the New Testament: "For if the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle?"

"The Uncertain Trumpet" is a moving and beautiful book, powerful in its treatment of characters, full of loveliness and an all-embracing sympathy, and is a further proof of this novelist's extraordinary versatility.

"HIDE IN THE DARK"

By Frances Noyes Hart

Since the days of Sherlock Holmes, there have been two epoch-making events in mystery fiction. One is S. S. Van Dine and the other is "The Bellamy Trial" by Miss Hart. Now the third is "Hide in the Dark." It is difficult not to be enthusiastic. It's fresh, it's new, it's absolutely different from anything that has been done before. No gift for Christmas in the mystery realm could be more appreciated or more thoroughly enjoyed.

At an old manor house, the young people who call themselves the Mad March Hares gather for a Halloween house party. At midnight the lights are extinguished for a game of "hide in the dark." When the lights are turned on, one of the party is found stabbed to death. It is impossible to call the police, for a violent storm has cut off all communication with the outside world.

The suspense in "Hide in the Dark" is gripping. The writing is really brilliant, and the story sweeps to the most amazing, utterly satisfying climax and solution a mystery has ever known. If you don't read another murder mystery this year, read "Hide in the Dark."

BRIEF REVIEWS

"Blair's Attic"—Joseph C. Lincoln. This author's books are interesting from the first word to the last, and always haloed with wholesome humor, which is their predominating charm. This new book is the best thing Mr. Lincoln has done for a long time. It is an excellent story, one to delight and please all Lincoln fans.

"Red Silence"—Kathleen Norris. Mrs. Norris' solid popularity rests upon her ingenuity in inventing situations that are a bit odd, and her ability to ever fascinate the reader by her pleasing style and her interesting plots. Her new book is placed high on the best sellers list, which shows that this author is a universal favorite. "Red Silence"

will rank with "Sisters" and "Barberry Bush."

"Sketch of a Sinner"—Frank Swinnerton. This novelist's new book is a brilliant piece of work. It is rich and mature, and a delight to the lover of good fiction. The characterization is deft and sure, the plot as appealing as the title, and the writing far above the average. "Sketch of a Sinner" promises to be very popular.

"Modesta"—G. B. Stern. Miss Stern's newest work is ultra-sophisticated, just as was "Debonair," her novel of last fall. With that work, she won for herself a wide audience, pleasing those who like sophisticated fiction. Now comes "Modesta," a year later, which is not nearly so good as her other distinguished book. However, there will be some who will like it.

"Burning Beauty" — Temple Bailey. In writing of sweet sentimental adventures of youth that end happily, this author is an artist. Her new book is not of the excessive sweetness that makes so many of the sort repellent rather than attractive, but genuinely charming and wholesome.

BOOKS AND THE MAN

S. S. Van Dine's latest mystery novel has begun in the "American Magazine," and from the first installment promises to be as good or even to excel his former ones. It is called "The Scarab Murder Case," and is concerned with the mysterious murder of an Egyptologist. Van Dine is the recognized master of today's detective fiction. Read his new book, if you want a thrill.

Voltaire's famous book, "Candide," has been reprinted, and issued in a handsome volume, illustrated by Rockwell Kent. The old story will never die, and its new format is a beautiful and durable one. It is the Christmas selection of the Literary Guild.

The two annual short story anthologies have been published for 1929 by Edward J. O'Brien. They are called the "Best Short Stories of 1929," and the "Best British Short Stories of 1929." Both contain excellent stories, although the American ones are far better than the English. Among those contributing to the American volume are Sherwood Anderson, Willa Cather, Konrad Bercovici, and Glenway Westcott.

Two of the most important biographies of the early winter are concerned with Marshal Foch. They give an intimate picture of the great French general. One of the books gives accurate conversations and discourses of the marshal. The future years are to prove that Foch was not only one of the greatest Frenchmen that ever lived, but also one of the greatest military strategists of all time. These two biographies help to prove that fact.

One of the most important publication events of many years was the printing of

"A Modern Comedy," by John Galsworthy. It contains "The White Monkey," "The Silver Spoon," "Swan Song," and "Two Forsyte Interludes." Galsworthy is one of the greatest living novelists, and the publication of his books are always a great event.

BEST SELLERS

Fiction—

1. "A Farewell to Arms" —Ernest Hemingway.
2. "Whiteoaks of Jalna" —Mazo de la Roche.
3. "All Quiet on the Western Front" —Erich Remarque.
4. "Hans Frost"—Hugh Walpole.
5. "Another Day"—Jeffry Farnol.

Non-Fiction—

1. "The Tragic Era"—Claude Bowers.
2. "July, '14"—Emil Ludwig.
3. "Lorenzo the Magnificent" —David Loth.
4. "Marriage and Morals"— —Bertrand Russel.
5. "Richelieu"—Hilaire Belloc.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

JOHNNIE MAY, *Editor*

"THE CONCEPT"
Converse College

"The Concept" for November presents a variety of themes, each proving interesting and well-written. The magazine contains no less than ten poems. We have always considered the poetry of "The Concept" above that of any other college magazine in the State. Each one has a thought that is aptly expressed.

There is only one story included this month. It is entitled, "Alone in a Crowd," and it is interesting throughout. More stories would greatly add to the magazine. The average college student appreciates short stories and enjoys them far more than any other form of writing.

We wish especially to recommend the essay, "On Being Well Read." It would be an asset to any magazine. Excellent thought and facility of expression make it a worth while article.

Your book review department, editorials, and exchange department are well conducted. "Here and There" is an interesting innovation and adds distinction to the magazine. Personally, we think "Sense and Nonsense" is out of place.

The Converse "Concept" has always been the best college publication to reach our desk, and we certainly appreciate the exchange. —J.C.O.

"CHICORA MAGAZINE"
Chicora College

The magazine for November contains some excellent material. Several of the poems are well constructed. The best are "Fall"

and "To the Moon." The November issue boasts no less than two plays, and this is quite a feat for any magazine.

There is only one story included this month, but it is good. Although "Helen Helps" may be interesting, we do not consider it of enough merit to have in the magazine. It seems out of place.

The book reviews, editorials, and exchanges are an asset to your magazine.

"The Chicora Magazine" presents one of the most attractive covers of any that we have received.

"THE EROTHESIAN"

Lander College

The poem, "Autumn Leaves," by Miss Eidson, justly deserves to win the prize it did in the College Press Association contest. It is the high light of your magazine and the author deserves much credit for it. Other articles of interest in your October number are "Heine's Love Lyrics" and "School Begins." We suggest that you try more variety in your magazine. On account of the fact that this number was your "College Issue," we can excuse so many selections on things that happen at Lander.

"THE COLLEGIAN"

Presbyterian College

"The Man Who Knew" is a good play. In a certain way, it contains much good advice to young men inclined to be in love. Your magazine contains several good selections, but Mr. Grafton's new story of "Those Maloney Boys" is without a doubt the best of your number. It is something new in football stories and would furnish a good plot for a real college story. If your magazine is to be purely a literary magazine, we believe it would be best to omit the humorous poems. They are always enjoyable, and especially the ones in your magazine, but they are not literary productions.

ABOUT OURSELVES

(From the "Chicora Magazine")

" 'The Wofford Journal' is to be commended. Each article in it is excellent, and together they make up a journal of worth. 'Recalled to Life' is an interesting story, though much like some of the shows we have been seeing; the author deals with his plot in a skillful manner, however. 'Feminine Steps Passed Down the Hall' was rather gruesome in parts, but ended happily and broke the tension. 'Listening In' was a clever idea and added real literary distinction to the magazine. The Book Reviews were the best we found in any of the magazines of this issue."

(From the "P. C. Collegian")

" 'The Wofford College Journal' for October contains some material that is excellent and interesting, and other articles that are outstanding for triteness and lack of originality. 'Feminine Steps Passed Down the Hall' aroused a feeling such as has only been credited to the works of Washington Irving."

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WINTER NIGHTFALL

By William Arnette Wofford

Purple shadows slowly lengthen,
  Calmly dies the day,
In the endless blue of heaven
  Fluffy pillows lay.
A purple shroud bedecked with gems
  Is spread o'er all the land;
A magic scene—a masterpiece,
  A gift by God's own hand.

Between the clouds in calm array,
  A silver moon appears,
With tender hands she scatters beams
  To brush away all tears.
Thus at her post up in the sky
  She paints the world with light;
Through lonely hours bright and still,
  The mysterious sentinel of night.

The cold, still air, so sharp and chill,
  Penetrates the land;
Like blades of steel thru all the world,
  Held in a powerful hand.
The winter's moon, so cold and bright,
  Lights up the barren spots,
And shows the grief, the loneliness,
  The poignant ache of hearts.

The cold wind changes its mighty blast
  To a dark, bleak lullaby;
And tired humans forget their grief,
  In peaceful slumber lie.
A quiet calm, a silent rest,
  Settles o'er all the land,
As through the night with whisper tread,
  God stretches forth His hand.

LA CHERE

By Edward Gilmore

[Excerpts from the Diary of Rene La Plante, a French gentleman and a former officer of the King's guard, concerning his voyage to Florida with the French explorer, Jean Ribault.]

PARIS, February 2, 1562—His Majesty, King Charles IX, has granted permission to Admiral Gaspard de Coligny, the liberal and influential Huguenot leader, to establish a colony in Florida. The king wishes to secure a claim on Florida before the Spaniards become too strong there, but I believe that Admiral Coligny's real intention is to found a refuge for the Protestants of France, who have truly been maltreated. I have a desire to go to Florida because of the stories which the Spanish relate regarding the vast wealth there.

Paris, February 5, 1562—Admiral Coligny has given the command of the expedition to Captain Jean Ribault, an old friend of mine, and, with the king's consent, I am going to accompany him. Next week I leave by stage for Havre, where the captain is preparing for the voyage.

Aboard ship, February 18, 1562—This morning, our expedition, composed of two high-pooped, tub-like ships filled with veteran soldiers and gentlemen, sailed from Havre. In a short time the coast of France disappeared from the horizon. To my surprise, I found several of my old friends aboard. Nicholas Barre was a veteran in my company when I entered it as a private. La Chere, a very handsome and pleasant young man, was a former soldier in my company. He confided to me that he was making the trip with the hope of gaining wealth, so that he could return to France as a gentleman and marry a certain mademoiselle. Among my new acquaintances is a Captain Albert de Pierra, a large and gruff man, who, notwithstanding his lack of some of the qualities of a gentleman, is an excellent officer. I also had a short talk with Captain Ribault.

Aboard ship, April 29, 1562—At last we have reached the coast of Florida. Everyone is filled with excitement.

Aboard ship, May 17, 1562—We have sailed northward up the coast for hundreds of leagues, exploring the coastal land and seeking a suitable location for settlement.

Aboard ship, May 18, 1562—A superb place has been found. This morning the lookout called Captain Ribault's attention to a large, magnificent bay. The captain, desirous of finding a good harbor as well as fine land, had the ships brought into the bay. Being moved by its size and beauty, he gave it the name of Port Royal. A party of us went ashore in pinnances and were favorably impressed with the country. The region is filled with large oaks and cedars. Wild flowers grow abundantly. The forests are filled with game, the partridges, deer and turkeys being numerous. Fish are plentiful in the bay.

Port Royal, May 19, 1562—Captain Ribault took a party for a trip of fifteen leagues up the river which opens on the bay. They came across a large Indian village. The in-

habitants had never seen white men before, for they fled at the approach of the party, and were lured from their hiding places only by a display of beads, knives, and other merchandise. They became very friendly and gave many presents to Captain Ribault.

Port Royal, May 21, 1562—Today Captain Ribault called the whole company on deck and gave an excellent speech in which he related his plans. He was going back to France for supplies and additional settlers, and he wanted volunteers to remain and hold the territory in the name of the King of France until he returned. The company, myself included, was moved by his stirring appeals, and the greater part volunteered, but Captain Ribault picked only twenty-six men, as he thought that number was sufficient. I was one of the twenty-six. La Chere, Barre, and Captain Albert de Pierra were also chosen, Captain Albert being appointed as the commander.

Port Royal, June 10, 1562—Captain Ribault had us build a fortress on a small island, where the volunteer garrison is to stay. It has been named Fort Charles in honor of the King. Using logs and clay in the construction, we made it sixteen fathoms in length and thirteen in width, with flanks in proportion. We have brought tools, stores, and a supply of ammunition from the ships and placed them in the fort.

Fort Charles, June 11, 1562—We gave a salute of guns this morning and Captain Ribault drew up anchors, sailed from the bay, and disappeared in the east.

Fort Charles, July 15, 1562—We have been living a carefree and lazy life, and do not worry about provisions, for the Indian chieftains are generous.

Fort Charles, August — 1562—After a party had returned from down the coast with a pinnance loaded with provisions, fire destroyed our storehouse, and we could only apply to the Indians again. They supplied us and helped to rebuild the storehouse.

Fort Charles, August — 1562—Life here is becoming monotonous and the men are getting restless. They fear that Captain Ribault will not return.

Fort Charles, August — 1562—The tension among the men is increasing. Captain Albert de Pierra has grown unusually stern and overbearing. Today he did hang a soldier—a drummer—without trial. The men are angry at his injustice.

Fort Charles, August — 1562—The captain has aroused the men still further by his treatment of La Chere. Because of some minor offense or breach of discipline, he took La Chere to an island three leagues from here and left him there to starve.

Fort Charles, August — 1562—I am worried, for mutiny has broken out. Several of the men, enraged at the Captain's conduct, suddenly rose today and killed him. A party then went to rescue La Chere. They found him nearly dead from the lack of food. He was brought back to the fort, and after he had received some nourishment, became well and strong again. Nicholas Barre has been elected as the commander.

Fort Charles, September — 1562—We, having lost all hope, deliberated today and decided unanimously to build a boat and return to France.

DUFFUS COLLEGE LIBRARY

Fort Charles, September — 1562—Our small vessel is nearly completed. It is sturdily, although crudely constructed. We found that fairly good rope could be made by twisting grass and inner bark together, and that pine resin and moss were fine caulking materials. All of our bed clothes and shirts have been used in the making of sails.

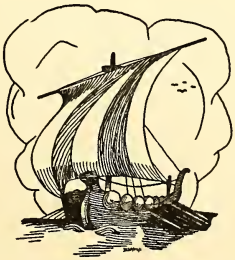
Aboard, September — 1562—This morning we brought our cannon, implements, and a supply of food aboard our vessel, and as the Indians were bidding us farewell, raised our sails and headed for the open sea. The winds being favorable, the coast soon disappeared in the distance.

Aboard, September — 1562 — We are truly undergoing a terrible trial. Our bodies have not only been beaten by storms and weakened by starvation, but our souls have been lacerated by the torturous fear of a long-drawn and agonizing death. For days we have been floating aimlessly in an oppressive calm. Our supplies are nearly gone. Our daily nourishment consists of twelve grains of corn. We have made a mistake in attempting to return to France in such a crude craft, although La Chere encourages us and declares we will reach France in a day or so.

. . . . . .

Paris, November—1562—Thank heavens, I am back in France, where there is something to eat! Although the joy of having my life spared is great, I shudder when I recall my experiences of the past two months. I did, by the merest chance, retain my diary through all the troubles, and now since I am safe and sound at home, I will record the happenings since my last entry.

. . . We sailed on for days. Our supplies were completely exhausted, and we were forced to resort to our leather jackets and shoes for sustenance. A great storm lashed our vessel and tore holes in the sides. In our weakened condition, we were forced to bail water for our lives. It was a critical situation. The need of food was imperative. Then it was realized that the flesh of one man would surely sustain the party until land was reached or help came. One of us must die to save the others. We made an agreement and cast lots to pick the luckless man. La Chere lost. . . .



"MODERNISM?"

By Joseph M. Doggett

"So runs my dream; but what am I?
An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry."

CERTAINLY these words of Lord Tennyson, uttered in that wretched season of grief when his soul was lost in the depths of a piteous, inexplainable anguish caused by the sudden and untimely demise of his beloved friend Arthur Hallam, give expression to the sentiments of man when he is thrown, by the supposedly inevitable, face to face with the fundamental desires and emotions, which concern vitally, and in no mean way, his life and present existence. Where he must seek refuge and solace, and to what he should direct his everlasting yearnings and desires, is no small interrogation. He hopelessly reflects, and gropes in his human frailty, and stretches lame hands toward the vastness of the incomprehensive, mysterious world which he knows not how to approach. He cries for a light,—something to guide him, but his language is nothing more than a cry, thus he says, "What am I?"

In those uncomputable ages of antiquity when pre-historic man was thrust suddenly into a world of complete frigidity, with no immediate means of self preservation and sustenance that would insure with certainty his future existence, he finds himself wrapped and contorted with a circumstance that tended toward annihilation. With an intellect so negatively developed, what does he do toward the erradication of such a fate? His incompetent hands are outstretched and there is heaved a savage cry for some redemptive light which might rescue him from an affronted extinction. He experiments with his immediate environment — deepens his hole in the earth, and there, for the centuries embraced by the Ice Age, remains dormant, combating and mitigating this oppressive obstacle; he finally emerges, and with some sort of a renewed impetus, reclaims a new grasp on life. To this determination and resoluteness, even though blinded and incapacitated, without a past on which to surplant his future existence, man today perhaps owes his present being.

Indeed, those mighty few scholars and educational enthusiasts as represented by Charlemagne and Alcuin, who were imbued with an impassioned desire to preserve the remaining fragments of education, and to educate, through that most infamous, shameful period of the world's history, namely, The Dark Age, were possessed with that consciousness of incompetency and general confusion when they faced such a situation of absolute negativeness, which without doubt outshone all other characteristics of the age. With a blinded hope, and faith in a larger and greater end, these scholars fought valiantly, though seemingly futilely, to preserve what smatterings of learning could be found in the existing courts and wandering Monks, in an age of superb ignorance and deliberate neglect for the finer things of life. The monastic movement, with all its

uninterpreted Latin, was very cautious that no bit of its precious knowledge should escape the grim walls of those cloist'ral enclosures. This effort of preservation finally culminated in the "Crusades," which later paved the way for the Humanistic and Realistic movements. Later, in the sixteenth century, Martin Luther, though steeped in doubt and pregnant with an oppressive propensity, which suddenly made him the object of a world-wide controversy and revolution, was assured by a conscious certainty of the reality of a spiritual existence, and his steadfastness in such a belief brought him victoriously through that momentous event with the profound and important result of making the ecclesiastical world more tolerant and rational.

Today, perhaps more than at any other period of man's existence, does this sentiment of the premier poet express with such precision the attitude of man when he is objectively bombasted with present day modernistic propaganda and humanism. We wonder at it all and cry for a light more than ever before, in the faithless coldness of the time which is so infested with this modern discursive gossip. We are prone to stand askance and gaze with suspicion and skepticism upon life as it now is, and what it was in past ages. So many modernists have become to doubt, through the loss of their conservatism and because their essential beliefs are now made flexible, the evidences of a supreme hand that governs the destiny of man. They cry for concrete evidences, and if not procured, remain suckled in their modernistic philosophies. Such discoveries as are being made are indeed mystifying, and become more so when we are told in all sincerity that we are nothing more than a "biological accident" left here by mere chance, and when our terrestrial existence ceases, that means our finality. Another, so well informed on analyzing man in the biological laboratory, finds all the vital organs and systems which are necessary to life—but does not find a soul, therefore he logically concludes there is none. An equal absurdity is seen in the stupidity of one who advocates a life of happiness and pleasure found in not desiring those things which we cannot obtain; all such desires breed unrest and discontentment. This view of a well-ordered life is quite contrary to that of Browning's, when he says, "A man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?" Methinks the latter proves the finer for a rational human soul who has that spark of the divine, predominating his life.

If we allow ourselves to become so encrusted with these philosophies of modern life that are so rampant in our lands, what can we do but cry as children in the language of an infant and stretch frail hands toward something greater? Our only salvation lies in the confidence of that higher power as evident in the divine ordering of life and in the life-giving attribute of the supreme. In such an ordering and creation, the creator must be greater than the created, and in order, there is cosmos, without it, there is chaos and evil. Man, with all that mystifies his intellect and encumbers his soul, must assent to that one law, one element, and one order which looks "toward that one far-off, divine event, to which the whole creation moves."

THE ROGUE

By Rudolph Creech

IT was twelve o'clock when Juanita Grenville descended from the train at the Grand Central Station. The train for Boston was two hours late. She had expected to arrive at her destination in time for lunch, but, with two hours at her disposal in New York City, she decided to have lunch there. Since her entrance into college the year before, Juanita had made only occasional trips to the city. She thoroughly enjoyed, therefore, the opportunity of stopping in New York for a few hours before continuing her journey to Boston, where she was to be maid-of-honor in the wedding of Frances Lytle, her college room-mate.

In less than a half hour, she was seated in an exclusive tea room with a tempting repast before her. With a glance of appreciation at the quiet elegance of the room, she took up her fork. The first delicious morsel had hardly passed her lips when she was startled to hear, in low, well-bred tones:

"The other tables seem pretty well filled. May I sit here?"

Looking up, she saw a tall young man with blond hair. He was standing beside the chair in front of her, smiling into her astonished eyes. Her first impulse was to point out the fact that there were available tables occupied by men, but she was impressed by the appearance of the young man. So, with a slight bow and with a murmured word, she gave the desired permission.

He ordered a very meager lunch and asked the waitress to bring it as soon as possible, because he had to catch a train. He ate rapidly, but with perfect manners, spoke a word or two during the course of the meal, then, with a word of thanks and farewell, he left, stopping to speak to the cashier.

In a few moments, Juanita arose and walked over to pay for her lunch. As she handed the money to the cashier, he said:

"Pardon me. You have forgotten to pay for your husband's lunch. He said you would attend to it. It's fifty cents, please."

Dumbfounded, Juanita finally stammered:

"You are mistaken. I have no husband."

She then started to the door.

"Wait a minute!" called the cashier, "you can't get away with that. You will have to pay. I saw him join you and saw you both talking."

Juanita was furious. She seriously thought of staying and seeing this matter cleared, but she couldn't miss the wedding, especially since she was to meet, face to face, her football hero, Jimmy Gordon, who was to be best man. Indignantly, she paid the check and left.

At the rehearsal that night, Juanita was horrified to discover that the famous Jimmie Gordon was none other than her companion at lunch in New York. She barely acknowledged the introduction, and at once walked away from him to talk to someone else.

Jimmie, after much pleading, induced her to come into the library.

"Of course, I know you are formulating in your mind all sorts of things about me. I admit it seems that I've been a cad. But I knew you were a good sport. I recognized you from the picture that Frances has, and knew I would have the chance to explain tonight."

"Why all the raving?" asked Juanita, "certainly, I am a sport enough to pay for your lunch if you are the kind of fellow who goes around beating lunches off girls."

"Say! Turn your anger on the Delta Phi's. They are to blame. I am tonight a full-fledged member. Beating a lunch off a pretty girl was the last stunt in my initiation."

When Juanita came from the library a few moments later, she was wearing a Delta Phi fraternity pin.

A CLASP OF HANDS

By Bernard A. Foster, Jr.

THE CHINESE seem to have solved the situation, from a sanitary standpoint. It is said that a Chinaman will grasp his left hand with his right, and a cordial shake in the direction of another man suffices for a greeting.

Be that as it may, that is much better than being forced to extend a hand to the cold, clammy excuse that some anemic individuals offer for a handshake! To see one withdraw one's hand from such a contact reminds an onlooker very much of a dainty little girl releasing a fish to a clerk in a market. Such a greeting does not come from a lack of strength, but must have its source in listlessness or laziness. It is expressive, and results in the formation of a character opinion that is lasting. This opinion is never one to be proud of.

How much in contrast is the crushing grip that one receives from a large athlete, who is really glad to see you and expresses it. The powerful clasp may make you wince, but you enjoy it. A feeling of cordiality and friendship radiates from the greeting. A smile of true pleasure will inevitably wreathe the faces of two friends who meet in this manner.

In the handshake greeting, affectation is often present. It is noticeably exposed in many strictly formal gatherings. As one goes down a receiving line at such a function, many bejeweled ladies who possess lorgnettes, calculating eyes and tilted noses will come into view. With few exceptions, the greetings one receives are affected. With the customary, "How do you do?" one will often see a hand raised to the level of an arched eye-brow. The arm in this case will be at an angle of about forty-five degrees from the horizontal. The hand and fingers limply form an arc almost in front of scrutinizing eyes that express the attitude of, "Well! Who are you?"

Many times the hand surpasses the mouth in ability to express thoughts or feelings. Often one sees an unhappy boy accompanying his beloved to church or out to dine. Futilely gazing at the object of his affection,

he is likely to be unable to express what he feels in words. Unnoticed, he slyly slides his hand into hers. The thoughts thus transferred by the mere clasp of a hand are unlimited in their extent.

Much true friendship is often displayed by the medium of a fraternity grip. Brotherhood and friendship are the basis for the organization of this sort of secret grip. It is expressive of both of these worthy feelings, if the right attitude is taken. Among college men it is really worth while.

More true feeling is evident when a father greets a returning son than by any other form of handshake. No word need be spoken to say all that passes between the two.

If one would think how easily one is misjudged by a clasp of the hand, more true-to-type handshakes would be developed. It is something that should be cultivated as much as the accent in speech.

COLLA'DS

By James E. Harbin

IT was potato planting time again. Liza and Jane were given the tedious job of cutting eyes—a job that is important, yet becomes tedious if there are many acres of potatoes to plant. It requires an ability to quickly scrutinize potatoes, detecting those minute spots called eyes and carefully cutting them out. Long hours of such work is required in order to have enough eyes to plant ten acres of potatoes.

I, being appointed by the overseer of the plantation to superintend the planting of the potatoes, considered it my faithful duty to see that everything was properly done. From place to place I went, showing the negroes what they pretended not to know, thereby assuming a feeling of some importance. Approaching the two women whose job it was to cut eyes, I was arrested by a low crooning melody. The two women were singing one of the meetin' songs in such a manner as to attract the attention of anyone.

"Bu'den down, bu'den down,
Lawd, since I laid muh bu'den down.
Weepin' Mary, weep no mo',
Since I laid muh bu'den down."

Breaking into the midst of it to give them a few final instructions, which they disdainfully ignored, I stepped back, waiting to hear another song. They, being aware of my presence, would sing no more, but soon began to talk in low, hardly distinguishable monosyllables. After a few desultory statements concerning the weather and the arrival of the new preacher, they began to talk about "som'pin' t' eat."

"Does you know," began Liza, "I has done learnt tuh eat heap uh t'ings dat usta make muh sick—since I'se been wo'kin' up tuh de big house. De Missus make muh eat some ob dat stuff call celery one day an' hit mought nigh make muh sick, but now I kinda likes hit."

"Dat's de Lawd's truf," answered Jane,

"but ain' nuttin' wut you gits up tuh de big house enny better dan green colla'ds an' biled meat. Jus' cook de colla'ds sofe an' tender, bile de meat wid 'em t'will hit mought nigh fall tuh pieces an', honey chile, don't forgit de pot lickkah."

"Hush, 'oman," exclaimed Liza, "you jus' makes muh mout watah."

"Dey sholy am good rations," said Jane, in a plain, matter-of-fact voice, "but dey come purtty nigh layin' dis heah niggah in de groun' one time.

"One day John had been helpin' uh man 'cross de ribber butchah uh yearlin' calf, an' caze John bees such uh pow'ful good han', he gib him dem pieces ob meat dat de butchah ain' so 'ticlar 'bout eatin'. Us had meat fix one way one day an' 'tudder way de nex'. Bime-bye, gittin' tiad ob jus' eating meat an' co'n pone, so I says dat I'se guine tuh hab some colla'ds wid dat meat. De berry nex' day, I fix dat big ole bilin' pot ob mine (de one dat muh mammy usta hab) jus' plum full ob wintah colla'ds an' uh great big piece ob dat meat fo us'es dinnah. Mum, dey sho' do smell good cookin'. Dem younguns ob mine could ha'dly wait t'will dey been done. Bime-bye, w'en dey gits done, I hollah tuh come an' git 'em. Lawd, Lawd, how dem niggahs et. I ain' nebbah seen de like since I'se been bo'n. But, honey chile, I etes dem t'ings, too. Jus' seem lak I couldn't git enough. De mo' I ete de mo' I wanted. So atter de colla'ds been gone, I goes an' drinks all de pot lickkah. Yessum, ebery drop dat wuz in dat ole black pot.

"Now, all dis happen at de time w'en we wuz ah choppin' out our cotton. John, he wuz uh knockin' out de grass w'ile me an' de chullins wuz doin' de choppin'. Bime-bye, John wen' down tuh de ba'n tuh kotch out de mule, so I tuck de chullins tuh de cotton patch. Atter I got de chullins sta'ted on dey rows, I 'gins tuh chop. But, honey chile, 'fo' I got mo'n half way down muh row, I 'gins tuh feel kinda funny, an' 'fo' I knowed hit, I jus' flop puntop uh cotton row. De chullins, dey hollah lak de debbil 'bout tuh kotch 'em an' John come uh runnin' cross de fiel', jus' stompin' de young cotton all in de groun'; but 'fo' he git tuh me, I done wase dem colla'ds all ober de groun'. John bees uh pow'ful man, so he jus' grab muh up in he a'ms an' tote muh tuh de house. Atter he lay muh on uh bed, he sont Rufe, de litt'lest boy, tuh fetch de docter. Rufe run jus' as ha'd as he could teah, all de way tuh town, an' tell Doc. Jim dat he mammy 'bout tuh die. Doc. Jim git in he big char an' come flyin' tuh muh house, caze he knowed dat John guine tuh pay 'im w'en de crop come off. Bime-bye, he come in, feel muh pulse, put uh mom-mom in muh mout, den tell me dat I hab gastrommal 'sturbances an' I mus' not ete nuttin' uh tall 'cept some little chicken soup dat de chullins gwine tuh fix.

"Does you know, Liza, I lay puntop dat bed fo' nigh on tuh t'ree week, 'till muh po' ole body ain' nuttin' but skin an' bones. I jus' couldn't ete dat chicken soup. Dat doctor mought nigh sta've me tuh dea't. I jus' beg dem chullins tuh gib me som'in' green tuh ete, but dey ain' gib me nuttin' 'cept wut de doctor say.

"One day, atter John done tuck de chullins tuh de fiel', I lows tuh muhse'f dat I'se guine

tuh hab some colla'ds. So I gits offen de bed, peek outen de windah tuh see if nobody wuz lookin' an' den goes outen de ga'den an' chops down de bigges' sta'k ob colla'ds dat I could fin'. Den I goes back in de house, wash 'em an' put 'em in dat bilin' pot. No, honey chile, I ain' put no meat uh tall in dem colla'ds. Atter I sot de bilin' pot on de fiah, I crawl back in de bed an' 'gins tuh pray.

" 'Lawd,' says I, 'de doctor done tole me not tuh eat dese colla'ds, but Lawd, I'se done sta've jus' as long as I'se guine tuh. Now, Lawd, if I dies, I wants you tuh tuck me tuh heaben on uh pillah ob fiah an' lemme res' in yo' bosom. Lawd, I'se guine tuh eat dese colla'ds.'

"Wid dat, I gits up, fix me uh big plate ob dem colla'ds, ete 'em, crawl back in de bed an' cross muh han's on muh breas', jus' waitin' fo' de Lawd tuh come wid his angels an' tote me away. I waits an' waits an' waits, but 'stead ob gittin' worser, I 'gins tuh feel better an' better. Bime-bye, I gits up an' eats de res' ob dem colla'ds, an' den I feel so good dat I fiux uh nudder pot ob colla'ds fo' John an' de chullins."

"T'ha, ha, ha, ha," laughed Liza, "don' you know dat de Lawd ain' gwine tuh tuck you tuh heaben wid yo' belly full?"

"I ain' know," responded Jane, "but I lowed if I gwine tuh die, I gwine tuh die happy."

MODERN PORTRAITS—JOHN GALSWORTHY

By Clyde A. Nelson

LAST year there was given to John Galsworthy, as a permanent recognition of his literary achievement, the highest award that can be given to an Englishman; namely, the Order of Merit.

A quiet, white haired, kindly looking man, he stands straight and walks with a quick, steady stride. He looks only fifty and is in reality sixty-three.

A glimpse of the man after his noon-day meal would show him either spending a quiet hour talking to friends or watching children play. There is mild humor and pathos mixed in the expression of this greatest of English novelists, dramatists and critics. As for the man himself, regardless of his works, there is no honor too high to pay him. The kind acts that he has done to suffering individuals would, if enumerated, fill a book.

These things, however, are minor. The literary accomplishments are the things that explain the man. They are the deepest expression of his inmost soul. He has conscientiously fought against the inhumanity of men toward each other. His early plays appeared under a nom-de-plume and attracted scarcely any attention. His later plays departed from the rigid style which was characteristic of the earlier, and became much more individualistic. They soon attracted widespread attention because they dealt with problems that had become very

acute by the beginning of the twentieth century — the social problem. Anything that Mr. Galsworthy has written since 1900 is of a profound type. It gives the world an interpretive vision of the subject. His intellect is sufficiently powerful and his insight into the souls of men profound enough for him to expound the subject and to reach its very depths.

The play, "Justice," published in 1901, was more than a great drama; it was a means of bringing about a much needed social reform, a revision of the English prison system. There is a story to the effect that Mr. Galsworthy, in order to get in prison, deliberately broke a glass in a large store while disguised and was sentenced to six months in the jail. We can see him now, sitting in a prison cell for all those months, suffering in order to satisfy his passion for truth and justice. He wanted the truth about the conditions in the prisons and when he got it he used all his powers to bring the matter before the public.

His novels are best exemplified by the "Forsyte Saga," a series of six novels devoted to the rise and fall of one typical English family. The last of these is "Swan Song," an enchanting and powerful book. It renews the love of two of the former characters and gives the death of the main character, thereby ending the family. The skill with which the author endows them with certain traits and the way in which he lays bare human emotions has never been surpassed by any English writer.

John Galsworthy is a force as much as a man. He advocates no gospel and embodies no doctrines except that of the rights of man. He has lived through a period which has known an industrial and mechanical revolution and has always hoped and worked for social evolution. In his work, he has introduced the places and scenes of his native England. To him the English people owe much, and by the use of his powers for the betterment of the people he has set an example that will be followed by many future writers. His natural talent, and especially the force so peculiar to him to present his ideas, have led him to pass all contemporaries in his field.

For twenty years Galsworthy has held a commanding position in the literary life of his country. He is a writer by choice, because he has always been rich and never forced to earn his living in this manner. In the most difficult of circumstances, he has, by devotion to what he considers his duty and purpose in this world, stepped into the front ranks of his chosen profession. The idealist and the practical man are strangely compounded in this man. From the first to the last he has stood for the same things and he has an intense dislike for any form of oppression or unrest. He is conservative in his instincts and true to his convictions. His personality and the influences that shaped his career can be summed up by saying that he has a passion for what is right.

UNCLE SILAS CROSSES THE JORDAN

By William Arnette Wofford

MRS. SMITH walked briskly up the wooden steps, overtaking Mrs. Jones at the top step. Mrs. Jones turned and smiled. They went in the house together.

"Are we late?" Mrs. Smith asked.

"A little, I think," said Mrs. Jones. "It's too bad we didn't get here in time to see Uncle Silas' brother and sister come from Cincinnati. Lena said she saw them come in just a while ago. But if you ask me, it's a pretty time for a dead man's only brother and sister to wait till the day of the funeral to come in."

"That's just what I was telling Carrie Crow a little while ago when we saw them come in. I went over there to borrow Carrie's hat to wear to the funeral, cause she had already told me that she couldn't go herself, on account of Herman having the measles. But she said old Mrs. Coggs told her that Dan Linden forgot to send the telegram at the station till four-thirty, and you know he was supposed to've sent it that morning when Uncle Silas died."

"Yes, that's just like Dan Linden to forget everything. I'd hate for him to send me a telegram saying somebody'd died and left me a million dollars. He'd probably think to send it to me when I was dead."

"Yes, that'd be just like him. I do hope the parlor ain't crowded. Reckon we can get two good seats near the casket?"

"I hope so. I must say that if I take the trouble to come to Uncle Silas' funeral I want to sit somewhere near the casket. I think Hannah might have saved a place for us. After all, we're his neighbors. Nobody else would have done what we did, now would they?"

"Indeed they wouldn't. Why, that time he went to Cincinnati six years ago to see his sister, I fed his chickens three times a day for him. He told me if I would he'd pay me when he got back, but I ain't never seen a cent yet. Not even a single thank-you did I get. Knowing him like I did, I just took all the eggs from the nest while he was gone, cause I couldn't go to all that trouble for nothing."

Mrs. Jones straightened her hat. "I don't blame you a bit for doing it either," she replied. "Everybody knows how stingy Uncle Silas was around here, and all that pile of money he's got hid around here, too. If it wasn't a Christian duty for us to come to his funeral, I for one wouldn't be here. But you know how people talk. They'd say we didn't have the interest of a sinner at heart. Besides, you know what the Bible says about those who. . ."

They reached the casket. The cheap coffin was very black, and in it lay old Silas Gable, while around him a score of people had gathered to mourn him on this sultry July day. No one in the stuffy little room loved him. He had been kind to none, not even to old faithful negro Hannah, who had cooked for him since his return from Cincinnati, six years before. He had hoarded his money, refusing to give a cent to the

church, and had lived in a miserly fashion. Everyone, even his sister sitting with bowed head, in deep black, knew him as a monster of selfishness.

"My, don't he look natural?" said Mrs. Smith in a low whisper.

"Yes, he sure does," Mrs. Jones responded. "And do you notice that expression of greed still on his face? I tell you, the lives of people show in their faces. He looks just like a—"

"Hush," said Mrs. Smith, "someone will hear you."

"You know, the flowers are real pretty," whispered Mrs. Jones to her neighbor. "There are my flowers over there . . . yes, that's them. I sat up night before last till ten o'clock making them. I kept them in the icebox. I even took all my butter and meat out to have them fresh."

"And look at that spray of roses and carnations next to mine," said Mrs. Smith. "Now who do you think could have sent those? Why, they must be real hot-house flowers! Think of anybody sending Uncle Silas real hot-house flowers! I can't imagine who it could be, do you?"

"No, I can't. But I bet it's his sister and brother that brought them. I bet they wouldn't have done it if they hadn't been expecting his money."

"Well, it must be time to start. I hear Preacher Brown in the hall. I don't see two seats so we can sit together, do you? Here's one; but where's another? Oh, yonder's one on the other side of the casket. Now if this one was only there by it! I wonder if we would attract much attention if we moved it over there? But there's Hannah in the doorway. I'll get her to move it. I wish she'd look over this way. There. Now she's looking . . . Hannah . . . Hannah . . . Please put this chair over by the other one on the other side of the casket. Yes, that's right. . . . Thank you, Hannah; Mrs. Jones and me wanted to sit by each other."

When they were seated, Mrs. Smith said, "We were never treated very well by Uncle Silas when he was living, but we are treated well now by his cook, Hannah. She's a polite negro. So nice and obliging. . . . When I clean out my trunk next week, I'm going to give her some of my old coat suits; you know they're gone out of style now. Besides, the moths will eat them up if I don't. I noticed last week little holes were beginning to come in them. But Hannah could darn them so they'd never show. . . ."

"Law, yes; and she'd be tickled to death to get them. Even if they ain't the style, they'd look good on her. I bet she'd be willing to scour the kitchen for you. Hannah always is nice to help."

"I wonder when they're going to begin. I sure am proud we got here on time. But it's almost three-thirty now, and Preacher Brown said it was to be at three."

"Well, I hope old Mrs. Bishop's satisfied. Look at her over yonder sitting in the front row where the family ought to be. She always takes the best seat."

"Yes, she does. I bet she got here before the door was open."

"S-s-sh! they're beginning. . . ."

"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. . . ."

"Look, there's Sally Aiken coming in the door. She would wait till everything's started to come in. I know she waited to show off that new pink dress; but I just know it's not hers. It's bound to be her cousin's who is visiting her. She can't fool me."

"For He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust. . . ."

"I wish you'd look over yonder at Widow Neal. She's actually got on black again, like she was mourning for Uncle Silas. The way some people do! Why, she just took it off three months ago; and here she is with it on again."

Mrs. Jones peered sharply over in the Widow Neal's direction. "Goodness gracious! If that don't beat the limit. I bet she's 'bout to burn up."

"As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. . . ."

"Ain't those pretty words? They make me want to cry," said Mrs. Smith. "I always loved them."

"Me, too," answered Mrs. Jones. "They read them at poor John's funeral. I'll never forget them. I want them read at my funeral, too, when I die."

"For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more. . . ."

"And that always did make me so sad. Seems like it means when you die everybody will soon forget all about you. Even your friends. That seems hard. . . ."

"And Preacher Brown looks so impressive standing there reading the Scripture, don't you think so?"

"Yes, listen. . . ."

"For as much as it hath pleased Almighty God, in His wise providence, to take out of this world the soul of our deceased brother."

"What would Uncle Silas think if he could hear that, I wonder? I bet he'd snort something terrible,—him that ain't put his foot in a church in the last twenty years."

"His sister don't look none too sad, either. Why, she ain't crying a bit. You can tell she don't care nothing about him. . . ."

"But his brother's looking down, sad-like, like he might have tears in his eyes."

"But what has he got to cry about? If he was like me now, with three children to support. . . ."

"Well, I never! Of all things! Look at Aunt Emma over yonder crying! If that don't beat all!"

"Think of her crying over Uncle Silas, him that wouldn't give her a penny if she was starving!"

"Emma always was like that. . . ."

"There goes Tabitha Green. She's going to sing a solo, as usual. She makes me sick. How she manages to get to sing a solo at every funeral that comes along, I can't see. But she does. . . ."

"Yes. And look at that hair, would you? I never! She's got it curled! At a funeral, mind you!"

"And that dress. She bought it with the money that they gave her back for the piano. You knew she sent it back, didn't you? Maybe next time she won't try to be so grand. I wonder what she's going to sing."

"I hope it's 'One Sweetly Solemn Thought,' for she does sing that better than anything

else. Since we have to listen to her, I hope it'll be that."

"Well, that's what it is. You know she does sing right lovely now, don't she? I always did love that part about one being nearer the Great White Throne today than we've been before. . . . There. I'm crying. I knew I would. Every time I hear that beautiful song I have to cry. But then I always think there's nothing like a good cry . . . It does you good."

"The Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with us all forevermore. Amen."

"Well, there now, they've finished. I must say I'm sorry, but we can get out into the air."

"Yes, it's hot in here. I'm burning up."

"Go out there by Tabitha. I suppose she'll see that we loved her song by our eyes, but then it can't be helped. But I'm not going to tell her she sang pretty. It makes her so stuck-up."

"Yes, it does. And between us, she acted plumb hateful at Ladies' Aid the other day. I told Henry that night. . . . Here she is. Don't tell her that she sang pretty . . . remember, now. . . ."

"Oh, Tabitha, you sang so pretty. I couldn't help but cry, it was so lovely. . . ."

"There now," said Mrs. Smith, as they found themselves out in the yard, "there if I didn't say it in spite of myself after all. But then she looked like she would have died if I hadn't. . . . However, next time I won't."

"You're not going to the burying, are you?" said Mrs. Jones. "I can't, for I've got all my ironing to do. Mattie was late getting the clothes in this week."

"No, I'm not either," said Mrs. Smith. I want to finish setting out some rose bushes I started, and I've got to carry Carrie's hat back, too."

They moved down the walk. "I'll see you then tomorrow afternoon at the Ladies' Aid," said Mrs. Jones. Then she sighed.

"Poor Uncle Silas has crossed the Jordan. We won't see him any more. If it hadn't been for us Christian Church ladies there, he wouldn't have had no funeral. He certainly ought to appreciate it. But then, the Bible says. . . ."

A GLORIOUS FAILURE

By John C. Otts, Jr.

WHEN Robert E. Lee was president of Washington College, a young sophomore was summoned to his office. Lee told him that only patience and industry would prevent the inevitable failure that was coming to him through college and through life.

"But, General, you failed," remarked the sophomore.

Lee turned around and spoke:

"I hope that you may be more fortunate than I," was the quiet reply of the president.

But is Robert E. Lee a failure? Shall history record with truthfulness that he was

such? To be sure he was forced to surrender the Confederate Armies to Grant, but is not the ultimate test of a man's ability the capacity to use whatever resources he has to the best advantage? If this is the case, then Lee is a glorious failure.

Lee was directly descended from Richard Lee, who came to this country from England about the middle of the seventeenth century. He had behind him a noble and an illustrious ancestry which should have commanded pride on the part of any descendant. But Lee displayed considerable indifference, saying that he had neither the time nor the inclination to study genealogy.

Lee's mother seems to have had a great and profound influence on the life and character of her son. She was a woman of high character, and sought to implant in the habits of Robert a sense of goodness. She was for many years an invalid, and young Lee took care of her much of the time. Naturally, he was deprived of many youthful contacts with boys. He received training in self-sacrifice, which remained with him until his death. The cutting off of the natural outflow, the fresh spontaneousness of boyish spirit, hurt Lee all his life. He never got over the effect of this early experience.

We know very little of Lee's childhood years. He came so late to greatness that the usual reminiscences have not been gathered. Since it is the man of later years that we wish to examine more closely, we will pass over the early years by merely mentioning facts.

Lee, of course, went to West Point, graduating in 1829. Here he had a most admirable record. Immediately after his graduation, he received an appointment in the Engineer Corps, and was stationed at Old Point Comfort. In 1831, he married Miss Custis, Mrs. Washington's great-granddaughter. Although there is little account of it, we know that his marriage brought him into contact with the opulence and gayety of that old Virginia aristocracy.

In the years before the Mexican War, Lee was stationed at many places as military engineer. Perhaps the most important of his duties were those connected with controlling the course of the Mississippi River.

The value of Lee's services in the Mexican War, though great, have been exaggerated. From the beginning to the end of the war, he displayed great energy and daring. General Scott noticed the never-ceasing activity of the man, and gave him several important commands, which he served diligently.

It is interesting to note that during the Mexican War, Lee met Grant, and on one occasion stopped and chatted with him for several minutes. How startled they would have been if they could have seen themselves in the future bound together in a tremendous struggle!

Several years later, the stormy war clouds began to gather. Conflict between the North and the South seemed at once inevitable. If Lee remained in the United States Army, he would be forced to draw a sword against his native South. For more than thirty years, he had served well under the Stars and Stripes, and to break absolutely and immediately

with the Army would be like suicide to his future.

Very soon afterward, Lee was offered the commandership of the Union Army. It is said that is one of the greatest crises in Lee's entire life. It called for more deliberation and thoughtful reasoning on his part than any other decision. One story says that his wife could hear him walking the floor, back and forth, all night, frequently dropping on his knees in prayer, trying to make up his mind. The next morning there was a smile on his face, because he had reached a decision. He was definitely to resign from the United States Army, and to devote his energies to his native South. He later accepted the command of the Armies of Virginia, and as the war progressed, his zeal for the cause and loyalty to his high ideals seemed to be ever on the increase.

The great struggle lasted four year. Four years of bitterness and hardship for the soldiers of the Confederacy—four years of uncertainty and death. Throughout the war, Robert E. Lee showed his tremendous ability as a strategist. In this respect, he is regarded as far superior to Grant. Grant excelled, however, in tenacity. One historian has said that probably Grant would not have withdrawn from Gettysburg. With limited troops and provisions, Lee accomplished seemingly impossible feats, many times repelling a much larger body of men.

The men under his command had absolute respect and loyalty for him. Perhaps any general could command loyalty from his soldiers from victory to victory. But few could command the affection and confidence, unshaken through defeat, disaster and final ruin. But Lee did.

We need not go into the story of the battles themselves. They are familiar, and Lee's personal courage, his work among the front lines and his remarkable knowledge of human nature and the consequent outwitting of the Union Army at many places are all seen by a perusal of these records.

Lee was a man's man, a fighter by instinct; and a soldier through his love of the profession of arms. Yet he was a Christian, God-fearing man. In Lee, these two widely divergent characteristics seem to meet and to harmonize. Lee lived up to the high ideals of his race. Woodward says, "Lee had the feeling of 'noblesse oblige'—the sense that great authority implies great responsibilities and great humility."

On April 7th, Grant sent a letter to Lee, saying, "The results of the last few days must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance."

Grant demanded surrender of Lee's army. Several notes passed between the two, Lee asking for terms. His army was crumbling; the forces opposing were too great. The struggle was at an end.

The two generals met in a house at Appomattox, Va., to arrange surrender. Their appearance affords an excellent contrast between the two. Grant was dirty looking. He was dusty and was wearing an old uniform. As he glanced at Lee's splendid new uniform, he apologized awkwardly for his looks. He said that he had not had time to change his clothes.

The terms were magnanimous. After sign-

ing the parole not to fight for the Confederacy any more, the men were allowed to leave for their homes. While an old army press slowly printed the paroles, the Gray and the Blue fraternized.

To quote from Woodward:

"Meade met Lee riding pensively.

" 'Don't you know me, General Lee?' he said. 'I'm George Meade.'

" 'Oh, is that you, Meade?' Lee replied. 'How did you happen to get all that gray in your beard?'

" 'I'm afraid you're the cause of most of it,' Meade answered in the way of the ancient amenities."

Immediately after the surrender, Lee withdrew into private life. Yet he did not wish to sit down and fold his hands, feeling that his work on earth was finished. While he was yet strong enough, he wanted something to do. The world had seen too much of his greatness to let him hide it. Therefore, an English nobleman offered him a country-seat in England with an annual income of about $15,000. Lee politely refused, saying that his place was at home. Many business houses tried to use his name and to pay him handsomely for it. He declined, saying that his name was not for sale.

Finally a small, struggling institution, Washington College, in Virginia, offered him the position of president. After much hesitation, he accepted it. For five years, he gave his best to the institution, and the qualities that made his name famous on the field of battle now displayed themselves in peace.

Worn by care and sorrow, and loved and revered by all, the great soul passed to his reward on the 12th of October, 1870. He was buried, with simple ceremony, at Lexington, and his grave has become an object of pilgrimage to thousands who cherish his memory.

In spite of Lee's greatness, it must be admitted that his life will always be regarded as a failure. But here is a man who failed gloriously, and left behind an example to future Americans of a soldier, a scholar and a Christian gentleman.

THE BRIBE

By Harold Miller

THE docket read:

Southern Transportation Co. versus Henry Martin. Alleged injuries to body and health, resulting from crash of trolley-car, property of said Company, which the plaintiff was operating. Said plaintiff charges negligence and carelessness in care of car on the part of Company, and sues for $5,000 damages.

As a reporter for the Daily News, I was detailed to cover the Southern Transportation Co.-Martin damage suit. It had aroused a great deal of interest, because it was the latest of a long number of similar suits. In the other occasions, the company had coaxed the plaintiff to settle out of court for a few hundred dollars. It was a matter of speculation how Martin had had the nerve to stick

to a suit, instead of compromising, for it was rumored that he had been offered five hundred dollars. And five hundred dollars is a big amount in Martin's life, for Martin was from the mill town, poor, uneducated, and unknown. I had studied the suit rather carefully, and I had decided that the reason Martin didn't compromise was Joe Brice. For Martin did not have sense enough to sue of his own volition. It took a smart lawyer like Joe Brice, who could come as near to collecting as anyone else in our town.

I was really puzzled to decide how Brice was going to win the suit, though Martin, it is true, was frightfully bruised. And I mean only what I say. He looked terrible, but he was hurt only a very little bit. His wounds were only skin deep. A month after the accident he looked, seemed, and felt just as well as before it. No one would have known that he had been in an accident. Joe Brice had tried to have the trial two weeks after the crash. He was clever, old Joe was. They would have had to carry Henry Martin, and any jury would have given five thousand dollars to hear Joe's sob song. But the suit was delayed almost three months. Brice had burned, because he realized what was going to happen. Martin would heal up, and Brice's case would fly out the window. About that time he began wondering on what charge he could base his case. There was no use of a suit, if he couldn't get at least one charge. It was about this time that he had his brainstorm.

After another month, Martin tired of his idleness. He felt all right. He even felt like working. But Brice was firm. Did Martin want to go to work and kill the case, or did he want Brice to procure him five thousand dollars. Martin stood silence and idleness glumly, and finally could stand it no longer. Brice gave him a recommendation to a friend of his. Martin was accepted and summarily fired at the end of two weeks. The boss told Brice that there was something wrong with Martin's eyes. So there you have the history of the case. The trial was last Friday.

The court room was almost full. The people of our town have little else to do, so they follow the court proceedings carefully. I would say that the sentiment of the spectators was in favor of the Company. People had seen Martin working, and had noticed no bad effects of the accident. They deemed him not entitled to much of the Company's money. I had just got to my seat when the trial commenced.

Well, the Company's attorney told the Court everything I've been telling you. He had no witnesses, because there were none, and none needed. No one denied the accident. No one disputed the plaintiff's right to damages. But his clients did think the sum demanded outrageous. He was in accordance with general opinion when he said that Henry Martin had sustained no permanent injuries from the trolley-car crash.

Brice was not in the least disturbed. You must let me describe him to you. He was a formless, figureless mass of two hundred and fifty pounds. A large nose and small brown eyes gave his face the appearance that something was always tantalizing him just a little. His voice was vibrant, and whatever he said was to the last degree bold. He

was such a man who is so dignified when he is glaring at his spectators, but so ridiculous and absurd trying to pick up a pin at his feet. His first witness was his client.

"Have you worked any since the accident?" he boomed.

Martin's answer was sure: "Yes and no. I got a job, but I was fired in two weeks."

"Ah!" Brice exuded delight. "Why?"

"Because my eyes were hurt in the accident, and I made some mistakes in my work," promptly.

"Ah! Your eyes." Brice beamed satisfaction. "Have physicians examined them?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what do they say?"

"They say that they cannot find the trouble, but that there may very likely be some development."

"That will do." Brice called his other witness.

"Tell the court your name," he instructed.

"William Johnston."

"Do you know my client?"

"Indeed. I employed him for two weeks."

"For two weeks? Why only such a short time? Why did you discharge him?" Brice boomed in his loudest voice, as bold as Stentor.

"Well, he made several mistakes, due doubtless to his eyes, which cost several hundred dollars each."

Brice addressed the Court:

"Your Honor, that is all. For this reason, my client claims damages from a negligent, money-making concern. The defendant may have the witness."

The attorney for the defense came up.

"You say that the plaintiff made the mistakes because of his eyes?" he asked the witness.

"Yes, sir. Undoubtedly." The witness was sure, almost too sure of himself.

The next question was:

"Have you had any business dealings with Mr. Brice recently?"

"No, sir."

The attorney fumbled at his pocket and pulled out a wallet. He took from the wallet a yellow bank check.

The witness started and glanced warningly toward Brice. The attorney handed Johnston the check.

"Have you ever seen this before?"

"Yes, sir," stammered Johnston.

"Inform the Court what it is."

"A check drawn in my favor by Mr. Brice."

"For what amount?"

"For two hundred dollars."

The attorney acted as if he were alarmed.

"You said a moment ago, Mr. Johnston, to the Court that you had had no business dealings with Mr. Brice recently. Yet this check was made payable to you by Mr. Brice last week. What is it for?"

The witness hung his head.

Mr. Brice would probably object to anyone calling him a pantomimist, but he at least gave a worthy imitation of one, his face red, his head turning feebly, while he choked trying to speak. A bellow issued from the cavernous depths of Mr. Brice's throat.

"Your Honor," he cried, "I protest. That question does not concern the Court."

But, nevertheless, the question stood. Brice subsided like a toy-balloon when the air is freed from it.

"What is the check for. Inform the Court." The attorney's voice was strident now, and harsh. But the witness was silent. The attorney straightened up dramatically and addressed the Court:

"All right. I will tell the Court. Your Honor, this check was to pay the witness for hiring the plaintiff and firing him in two weeks."

Well, you know what happened after that.

. . . . . .

Late the night of the trial, William Johnston slipped furtively from the rear of his house. He went quietly and as quickly as he could to a friend's house—to the attorney for the Southern Transportation Co. The door opened and admitted Johnston.

The attorney handed him a packet of money.

"Here it is. Five hundred smackers, and thanks for the favor. It was a pleasure for me to get old Brice."

"Wait a minute. This isn't all. You've got to pay my fine, too. I'm not going to lose it."

"Oh, all right." He counted out a hundred dollars and handed it to the visitor.

PALS

By C. R. Breedin, Jr.

In the east the sun is rising,
  Casting beams along its way;
In two hearts are burning friendships,
  Brightening paths from day to day.

O'er these long years have they traveled;
  Borne by sorrows, griefs and joys.
Once were babes, then tots together;
  Now they're growing and are boys.

Boys with hopes that rise much higher
  Than the peak of Pisgah's crest.
Boys with dangers in their pathways,
  Laboring long to do their best.

Though their lives by miles be parted,
  Yet their thoughts are very near,
With a God not high above them,
  To direct their lives with cheer.

When, in the west, the sun is sinking,
  And their work on earth is done,
May He who cares say gently to them,
  "A star for you, your victory's won."

LISTENING IN

"To reverence the King, as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,
To break the heathen, and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To honor his own word as if his God's,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds,
Until they won her." —Tennyson.

"Let all your things have their place; let each part of your business have its time." —Franklin.

"Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set." —Bacon.

"Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise."
—Halleck.

"All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone."
—Emerson.

"An undutiful daughter will prove an unmarriageable wife."—Franklin.

"We have a great deal more kindness than is ever spoken."—Emerson.

"Happy that King who is great by Justice, and that People who are free by Obedience." —William Penn.

"Claret is liquor for boys; port for men, but he who aspires to be a hero must drink brandy."—Samuel Johnson.

"It is woman's business to get married as soon as possible, and a man's to keep unmarried as long as he can."—Bernard Shaw.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new;
And God fulfills Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."—Tennyson.

"Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve."—Franklin.

"Thy love afar is spite at home."—Emerson.

"One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, tho' right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake." —Browning.

Wofford College Journal

Established 1889

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Entered at the postoffice, Spartanburg, S. C., as second-class matter.

THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL is published seven times a year, on the fifteenth of the month, by the Student Body.

Subscription per year, $1.25.

EDITORIALS

Words

How often, when we are engaged in a conversation, do we stop to consider the words that we are using? Are we particular in our choice of diction? Do we realize that we are often judged by our speech? Alas, for most of us, the answer is "No." But, as college men, soon to take our position in the world of business, of politics or of a profession, we are obliged to consider this all-important matter.

It makes no difference into what profession a man enters, his facility in using his medium of speech correctly and forcefully will largely determine his success in his work.

Words are the means whereby a person expresses his thoughts, his emotions, his desires and wishes. Throughout the long process of centuries, slowly but surely, the words that we now use obtained their present meanings. Each century added its part to the plastic language, until the English tongue became what it is today.

Therefore, it behooves each one of us greatly, to choose our words carefully and accurately. They represent our thoughts.

Taking Stock

By the time this "Journal" makes its appearance, the annual religious services on the campus will probably be over. But that does not prevent us from commenting on the subject.

Once a year at least, it is well for each one of us to pause in the rush of our life, and to "take stock" of our religious life and habits. It is well that we renew our intimate relations in Bible reading and prayer.

Probably no other one thing could accomplish just this any better than our annual Y. M. C. A. services. Those connected with the "Y" are to be congratulated on bringing each February to Wofford Campus a man whose life and message encourages the students to check up on their religious life.

For the Students

We wish again to remind the students that "The Journal" is not for the staff, nor for the literary societies, but for every man on Wofford Campus. Everyone is urged to feel that it is his, and to contribute often. Any suggestion that might improve the magazine is heartily welcomed by the staff. Our only wish is that "The Journal" be interesting. This can only be accomplished with the help of everyone concerned.

Let's make the few remaining issues of the publication worthwhile! —J.C.O.

CURRENT MAGAZINES

MENTOR

Havelock Ellis contributes one of the most interesting articles in recent months to the January "Mentor." It is called, "Why We Have Taboos." He analyzes the taboos and restraints that are an integral part of our social civilization, and traces the origin of them. He also gives their part in hindering or helping our growth. This eminent specialist in the behaviour of humans says that life is livable because the people we meet are restrained by intuitive prohibitions from bad breaches of manners and morals. He further states that many social taboos have fallen away since the war, and have been labeled antiquated or inadequate.

"Why We Have Taboos" is a stimulating article and will repay careful reading.

AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Mrs. Thomas A. Edison tells "what it means to be married to a genius." From her article in the "American Magazine" for February, the reader obtains an intimate view of the great scientific wizard. From the talk with Mrs. Edison, we learn many interesting things about the daily life of her husband. A few of there are: the "Birth of a Nation" is the finest picture that he has ever seen; he is trying to invent some process to convert weeds into rubber; his favorite book is "Les Miserables"; his favorite poem is "Enoch Arden"; now he sleeps about six hours a day; he subscribes to eight newspapers and reads all of them every day; he smokes four very mild cigars each day; often Mrs. Edison, by means of the Morse code, transmits the conversation of others to her husband by tapping on his hand; and, lastly, he hates the talkies.

It is an intimate and sparkling view of a great man.

AMERICAN MERCURY

In the February issue of the "American Mercury," Emily Clark has an article on "Mr. Jefferson's University"—that of Virginia. She says that the presence in the Old Dominion of a seat of learning founded on Mr. Jefferson's idea "of eternal hostility to every form of tyranny over the mind of man" is a standing rebuke to the "new Virginia" of Bishop Cannon. The University of Virginia, in Miss Clark's opinion, is less collegiate than any American University, not even excepting Harvard.

THE FORUM

In the "Forum" for February, Irving Babbitt, long the chief opponent of H. L. Mencken, gives a statement of "the creed of a humanist." The author traces all that we should not believe in to "the fountainhead of modern sensibility, Jean Jacques Rousseau."

SUCH THINGS AS BOOKS

WILLIAM A. WOFFORD, *Editor*

"HANS FROST"

By Hugh Walpole

Hugh Walople's thirtieth novel is his most striking and gifted achievement since his first powerful book, "The Cathedral," which appeared many years ago. Mr. Walpole is a master of well-tailored fiction. His ability to picture English life as it really is is unsurpassed, save by John Galsworthy. This author is sure of and has deserved his tremendous audience. He has no problems, no soul-searing tragedies, no devastating dilemmas, nothing but agreeable, well-mannered fiction, edged with humor, informed with accurate observation of the young and the old of the English species. If his touch seems a trifle sardonic at times, it never sinks to the level of synicism any more than it rises to that of irony.

On his seventieth birthday, Hans Frost, the "grand old man of English letters," received a mystic gift—"a jellyfish, a starfish, a piece of golden seaweed." Why this caused him to rebel against a comfortable old age, a beautiful wife, and a well earned fame; and how he was fired to a mysterious re-capture of his creative power, only his dog Martha and his young niece Nathalie understood. But to write this lovely story in terms of action would be to break too frail a butterfly on too sturdy a wheel. Certainly to have the chief character in a book seventy years old is unexplored material.

"Hans Frost" is an exquisite book of golden understanding between old age and youth. One will never regret the time spent on reading it. In style, in conception, and in its depth of understanding, it will rank with the best—if not as the best—of all Mr. Walpole's novels.

"THE GALAXY"

By Susan Ertz

"The Galaxy" is a magnificent achievement. To class it among the inane novels would be absurd, since it is a distinguished book for any season. When Laura Deverall looked back on her life it seemed "a galaxy of scenes and faces and delights." Her story, charmingly and sensitively told, is being hailed by every leading critic as Mrs. Ertz's finest work and as one of the outstanding novels of the season.

Once, when Laura Deverall was a little girl, Reverend Charles Dowdie, who had lost his voice preaching against the infamies of Darwin, took her by the hand and led her outdoors one night to look at the stars. "And what is that?" he asked her, "that vast white patch across the heavens?" "That? Oh, that is the Galaxy, or Milky Way," she answered, but could not tell him to what advantage all those stars had been hung in the sky. The last time she looked at the Galaxy before her death she smiled, for she had come a long and twisted way since Mr. Dowdie explained the truth.

With exquisite skill, Susan Ertz paints throughout with painstaking effort to see life as it is, and the story moves one as does life

itself. "The Galaxy" is worth possessing, first because of its style, and secondly because of its creation of character. It is a book definitely for lovers of good prose.

"A FAREWELL TO ARMS"

By Ernest Hemingway

From coast to coast this great story in war-time is not only the best-selling novel with hardly a contender for the title, but also one of the most talked about novels of the year. Every sentence that Mr. Hemingway writes is fresh and alive. No amount of analysis can convey the quality of "A Farewell to Arms." No one can possibly read it without being moved. To read it is to be in the midst of war itself.

Many have found the book brilliant and powerful; others have been disgusted with its sordid vulgarity. It is the story of an American with the Italian army and of his love affair in a world scarred by war. The book is brutal, it is terrific, it is awesome, it is vulgar, it is beautiful, it is all sorts of contradictory things.

The main fault this reviewer finds with it is, however, the manner in which Lieutenant Henry and the Nurse Katherine Barclay talk between themselves. That does not quite go over. But the concluding episode in Switzerland, so deeply true and moving, is hardly equalled in modern literature as a presentation of profound love of man for woman.

BRIEF REVIEWS

"Coronet"—Manuel Komroff. This is an excellent proof that the long novel is not out of date. The author write a brilliant story of a jeweled coronet, following it from the Italy of 1600 to Chicago of 1919. It is a powerful novel.

"Mrs. Eddy"—Edwin Franden Dakin. This is one of the most discussed biographies of the year. It is an impartial account of a great religious leader. Suppression of the book has been attempted, but without success.

"The Autobiography of Calvin Coolidge." The story of his rise from an humble farm in New England to the highest office in America. It is a simple story, simply told.

"Franklin"—Bernard Fay. The subtitle of this book is "the apostle of modern times." New material, hitherto inaccessible, concerning Franklin's life in France, appears in this vivid biography.

"Thomas Jefferson"—Gilbert Chinard. A thorough study, by a French professor in an American university, of a great American in whom the French and American culture was combined.

BOOKS AND THE MAN

W. R. Burnett's first novel, "Little Caesar," has gone to 100,000 copies. "Iron Man," his second, promises to go even further. The first was the choice of the Literary Guild for June, 1929; the second was selected by the Book-of-the-Month-Club for January, 1930. For a young writer of thirty—that's doing pretty well.

A third volume has been added to that incomparable series of adventure stories by Richard Halliburton. The first was "The Royal Road to Romance"; the second was "The Glorious Adventure." Now comes "New Worlds to Conquer." These books are vibrant with youth and enthusiasm, and they excel as adventure stories.

The selection of the Literary Guild for February is "The Human Mind," by Dr. Karl Meninger. The author says, "I wanted to write down my ideas about this curious human mind—the mind as a collection of enormously complex possibilities for variation which determine the personality of a person and differentiate the human being from the Robot."

A bit of news that might be of interest is the fact that Ernest Dimnet's book, "The Art of Thinking," has already gone through fifteen editions, and that the total sales up to date have amounted to about 140,000. This is remarkable, especially for a book of this type. Relatively few novels reach 100,000. It is extremely rare that a book on human thinking should sell so rapidly. America's reading public is to be congratulated.

It is reported that Erich Maria Remarque, author of "All Quiet on the Western Front," is so popular that even his name plate has been taken from the front door of his Berlin house.

James Branch Cabell says that "the Way of Ecben" is his last book, but the majority of critics think that he is too young to really give up writing.

Helen Keller, whose "The Story of My Life" was extremely successful, has added to that story of her early achievement the story of her womanhood, which is called "Midstream."

BEST SELLERS

Fiction—

1. "All Our Yesterdays" —H. M. Tomlinson.
2. "Coronet"—Manuel Komroff.
3. "Young Man of Manhattan" —Katherine Brush.
4. "Iron Man"—W. R. Burnett.
5. "A Farewell to Arms" —Ernest Hemingway.

Non-Fiction—

1. "Franklin"—Bernard Fay.
2. "The Art of Thinking" —Ernest Dimnet.
3. "New Worlds to Conquer" —Richard Halliburton.
4. "Richelieu"—Hilaire Belloc.
5. "The Tragic Era"—Claude Bowers.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

JOHNNIE MAY, *Editor*

"THE CONCEPT"

Converse College

The December "Concept' contains excellent material, and the mazagine shows the evidence of much painstaking work. Many of the articles are not hastily written, but show careful planning and execution.

First and foremost, we wish to praise the honor poem, "Return to Bethlehem," by Miss Poats. It gives in vivid words the experience and feelings of the three Wise Men on their return to Bethlehem two thousand years later. The composition is excellent evidence of maturity of thought and facility of execution.

The two short stories of the December "Concept" are both well written and interesting. "Warm Wires," by Miss Leland, is presented in a unique manner, and the result is very satisfactory. "Noblesse Oblige," by Miss Gasque, pleased us very much.

"And a Little Child Shall Lead Them" is one of the best sketches of change of character that we have read in many months in a college magazine. Miss Muldrow certainly knows how to hold the attention of the reader.

The outstanding contribution to the regular departments of the "Concept" is the book review by Miss Caldwell. Her subject is "The Galaxy," by Susan Ertz.

Having finished discussing the good qualities, we now turn to what we consider the outstanding fault of the magazine. Although most of the poetry is good, there is entirely too much of it. The short stories are neglected, there being but two in the issue as compared with some thirty odd poems. More stories and a considerably smaller number of poems would greatly improve an already excellent magazine. —J.C.O.

"THE CAROLINIAN"

University of South Carolina

The November and December issues of the "Carolinian" are excellent in every detail. Examples of the best that is being done in contemporary short story writing in colleges will be found in the Short Story Issue of December. Among the best we mention "Captive," "The Sudden Conqueror," and "Co-ed."

The poetry of these two issues falls below the standard set in October. Yet, there is some good verse. We especially recommend the editorials and "Contemporary Criticism." The book review for November was concerned with one of Jane Austen's books. Personally, we think that the object of the book review department of a magazine is to review current books. However, everyone has the right to his opinion.

"The Carolinian" is an excellent magazine, perfectly balanced.

"CHICORA MAGAZINE"

Chicora College

The outstanding contribution to the Christmas issue of the "Chicora Magazine" is the allegorical drama, "Tomorrow," by Miss

Smith. Plays are so scarce in collegiate publications that it is very gratifying to find one so well written.

The best poem of the issue is "Winter Sunrise," by Miss Layton. The book reviews, exchanges and editorials are all well written.

We strongly disapprove of "Helen Helps." It has absolutely no place in a literary magazine. Nevertheless, we suppose that it will be enthusiastically read by all the lovelorn.

"THE CRITERION"
Columbia College

The historical sketches of your magazine are the best we have seen. Especially did we enjoy Miss Rickenbacker's story of "Tupsiqui" in the November issue of "The Criterion." It is something delightfully different from most stories. Your magazine is a typical college mazagine in every respect. Miss McLendon views us rather harshly in "If I Were a Man," but her admission that she may be wrong justifies her.

"The Criterion" for December is by far the best that Columbia College has issued thus far this year. By far the best story is "Christmas Reconciliation." We value our exchange with "The Criterion" very highly.

"THE BRAMBLER"
Sweet Briar College

To say that you had a good magazine would hardly be fair to you, because after glancing through it, we are convinced that it is a magazine of real merit. "Does College Educate?" is an excellent discussion of what the college really does.

By far the best part of "The Brambler" is the book review section. After reading the review of "Field of Honor," we feel as if we had read the book. Other high lights are "Tragedy in F" and "Teapots." We shall welcome further exchanges of your magazine.

"THE EROTHESIAN"
Lander College

The November and December numbers show quite a bit of improvement over the October number. The best articles are "Society Stormed a la Western Gold," "Deep Ruts," and "Sandy." "The Little Red Wagon" is too sad, but ends satisfactorily. Miss Blocker should be complimented on her delightful poem, "When We Wuz Chillun." The book review of "The Tragic Era" is very good. We wish to congratulate the staff of the "Erothesian" on the vast improvement of these two numbers over the first issue.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

"The Winthrop Journal" for December; "College of Charleston Magazine" for November and December; the Coker "Bashaba" for December, and "The Subemeco" from Sue Bennett Memorial School.

ABOUT OURSELVES

(From the Columbia College "Criterion")

"Variety is the spice of life, and we surely find plenty of it in the November 'Journal.' It contains several selections. The stories are, for the most part, well written. A few more poems would add much to the magazine. 'Listening In' is a most attractive feature of the magazine."

(From the "Chicora Magazine")

"This edition of 'The Journal' did not prove to be as good as the preceding one. It contains quite a number of heavy essays; the one on work was very good. 'Boxing Matches' was very light and of little value. The plot of 'Mistake' was trite; we would like something new. 'November' must indeed have been written by a dreamer. Have you no playwright on your staff? A play adds to any magazine. The idea of a current magazine department is a good one and will prove interesting to the readers. The main trouble was that all the stories were too short to contain any force or value."

(From the Lander "Erothesian")

"What have we here? Ah, 'The Journal' from Wofford College—the first of the year's exchanges to greet us! Shall we together review its pages? In the beginning, we observe that its contents are well-balanced, a creditable quality. As a whole, the plots of the stories are not unusual ones, and we confess a slight disappointment in them. However, we are impressed by the way in which the author of 'Hard Times' presents his material. Especially do we commend his extremely fine choice of descriptive words so appropriately used, for example those in the sentence — 'A few dwarfed, leafless trees stood like half starved soldiers keeping guard over a forsaken fort.'

"As worthy of reading, we recommend your editorial on 'Patience.' How true it is that there is no royal road to victory. Your 'Listenin In' department breathes of something different, and it seems that this is what we all crave at times. We like it."

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SONG OF SPRING

By William Arnette Wofford

A flame of maple far away
  Upon a topmost knoll,
Blazing forth a brilliant message,
  Flaunting—daring—bold!
All alone in silent beauty,
  Gazing at the sky,
Arms upheld in love and worship,
  Red and amber vie.

A tiny meadow, cool and green,
  Nestled 'tween the hills,
Painted by the hand of nature,
  Peaceful and serene.
Tiny blades of tender grass,
  Bursting through the earth,
Bowing, swaying, graceful,
  Fresh and shy at birth.

A splash of golden daffodils,
  Swaying in the breeze,
Dancing with the nymphs of springtime,
  Nodding in the breeze.
A spray of willows, emerald green,
  Dipping in the silvery stream,
Towering high upon the hillside,
  Like a magic dream.

The young May moon through floating clouds
  Looks down on the earth below,
Its shimmering whiteness bathes the land,
  The scented fields—their perfect rows.
Moon-flung shadows linger still
  O'er sleeping vale,
Sifted through the budding branches,
  O'er the perfumed dale.

UNDER THE GREEN CLOTH

By Carl H. May

IT was midnight in bustling Chicago. The lights from the towering office buildings sparkled like myriads of stars in the inky darkness. A curtained cab drove up slowly to a deserted alley on the Gold Coast. The form of a man stepped from the shadow of a rambling building and hopped into the cab. Under his arm he carried a queer looking object wrapped in a green cloth. He settled in the springy cushions of the car and carefully held the veiled object across his knees.

As the cab entered Michigan Boulevard, the passenger frequently entreated the driver to be careful. The cab, barely crawling and avoiding every possible pavement bump, had almost reached its destination when the seemingly nervous passenger, holding carefully to the bundle wrapped in green cloth, leaned forward and spoke to the driver excitedly:

"Stop! We must go back, I have forgotten something."

But it was too late. A curtained touring car dropped in behind and soon overtook them. The cab stopped with a screeching of brakes. For a moment the passenger sat silently, his finely tapered fingers caressing fondly the bundle. The touring car had drawn up behind. Three masked men leaped from it. The flickering light from a dirty street lamp gleamed upon the barrels of three revolvers. The men surrounded the cab as the driver slowly raised his hands. One of the three jerked open the car door.

"Whatta you got there?" he growled.

"I am not used to answering questions at the point of a gun," replied the passenger.

"Uncover that bundle!" ordered the leader of the three.

The passenger reluctantly pulled away the green cloth. Three men, whose gun muzzles glistened threateningly, leaned forward to get a glimpse of the object. For a moment they glared intently at it and then drew back with a look of disgust and chagrin. Jamming their pistols into their pockets, the three left with an oath. One of them muttered, "Hell, I thought it was the cashier with the dough."

The passenger slowly replaced the green cloth around "The Angel," a bust which resembled white Italian marble.

"Back to Michigan Boulevard," the cashier told the driver, as he gently shook "The Angel" to reassure himself that the day's receipts of the theatre were still inside.

THE RAZOR

By James E. Harbin

BUNDY—Is you seed Henry dis mawnin'?

Edd—Naw, I ain' seed 'im.

Bundy—You'll kill yo' fool se'f laffin' if you do.

Edd—Wuh wrong wid Henry?

Bundy—Dat niggah in uh turrible bad fix.

Edd—Is he done been foughtin' again?

Bundy—Naw, he ain' done no foughtin', but he 'oman is.

Edd—Do Jeddus, an' dey ain' been marry mo'n t'ree mounts.

Bundy—You knows dat I'se been libin' wid 'em since Mary done run off wid dat triffin' yallah niggah.

Edd—Um-hum. But tell me wha' dey been foughtin' 'bout.

Bundy—You knows zackly how Henry lubs de wimmin' fo'ks?

Edd—Dat niggah sho do lub 'em!

Bundy—Well, dat niggah done gone off ebery night. I tole 'im 'bout it, but he ain' pay me no min'.

Edd—Henry ain' got de sense Gawd promise uh jay-bird.

Bundy—Las' night he put on he new sto' suit an' sot out fo' cross de crick whar dat good lookin' brownie stay. I tole 'im he better min' he own business, but Henry mo' butt-headed dan uh yearling calf. He tole his wife dat he wus guine tuh de meetin', but dat time he sho' Lawd ain' fool her, caze somebody had done 'fo'm her 'bout Henry's runnin' 'round wid anudder 'oman. W'en Henry lef', her ain' say nuttin', but atter w'ile, her pull uh big razor outten her breas' an' sot right down by de doo', waitin' till he come. Bime-bye, Henry come wa'kin' in an' say, "Lawd, Lawd, dat preacher sho' got loose tonight." He wife say, "You ain' been tuh no preachin'—I knows whey you been." Wid dat, her lit onto him wid dat razor an' mought nigh cut he th'oat. Henry hollah fo' me tuh tuck her off, but Bundy ain' guine tuh teche no 'oman wid uh razor in her han'. You know dat 'oman ain' stop till her cut Henry sto' suit slam offen 'im. I sot back da' in de co'ner an' jus' laf an' laf.

Edd—But, Bundy, wey in de debble did dat 'oman git uh razor? I knows dey ain' guine tuh sell her one at de commissary.

Bundy—Da wey de fun come in. I sole her dat razor yestiddy mawnin'.

PILGRIMS ON THE EARTH

By William Arnette Wofford

MARTHA WEBB went to her kitchen and with dragging feet set about getting supper. She brought up eggs and milk and butter from the cellar, and the heavy white dishes from the pantry. She must have a good supper for tonight, she told herself, Mr. Webb would be hungry. She measured out coffee, cut up potatoes, and put them on the stove. This done, she went out into the yard and pumped fresh water into her bucket,

re-entered the kitchen, filled her tea-kettle, and replenished the fire, that there might be hot water on hand. She put her yeast to soak. Mr. Webb always wanted loaf on Wednesdays. Then she went to the window and looked out into the yard.

The short November day was drawing to a bleak close, and Martha noted mechanically that it was snowing again—thick, ripe flakes that fell lazily in their journeying from sky to earth, as beautiful in their lack of purpose as rain was ugly in its usefulness. The wind had subsided. The outside stillness was broken only by the noise of late, hurrying, wild geese flying south. The dreadful, irritating stillness that falls on the land just before twilight clung to her nerves with the drag of chains, acutely painful. The earth was a corpse in a thick white shroud revolving through a prison of silence. And she, Martha Webb, wife of Silas Webb, owner of Bleak Hill Farm, the largest dairy for miles around, was watching it from a distant vantage point.

Her fingers tightened on her forehead, which ached dully. For a moment she thought she was going to fall. In all her life she had never suffered so much; her body was wet with the sweat of agony, and a fierce nausea was upon her. She wondered if Mr. Webb would be angry with her if she asked him to get her some medicine for her head. Of course she wouldn't ask him to go to Pike's Store solely for that purpose—for that was five miles away, and he must be tired after his long day's work with the cows. But should he decide to go of his own accord to get the farm papers, she resolved that she would ask him to get her something to relieve this terrible aching head of hers. Usually Wednesday night of each week was the night he went; but sometimes he went instead on Tuesday night. In her heart she prayed that it would be tonight. She couldn't stand this pain much longer. . . .

She leaned against the wall.

"I hate to bother him, but if it don't stop I got to have something soon." She sighed. Suddenly a new notion came into her mind. She breathed quickly. "I've a good mind to say to him when he comes in to supper, 'Mr. Webb, my head do be hurtin' so terrible that I can't half see how to git your meals cooked. You must git me something for it. It's your duty as my husband.' That's what I've a good mind to say."

For a moment she stared severely at the kitchen wall, then dropped her head, her hands hanging dejectedly at her side. The sheer audacity of that thought startled her.

"No, I can't do that. Mr. Webb's a good man. He's been awful good to me. Didn't he marry me so I wouldn't be a lone widder woman in this world? No, I can't say that to him; he'll think I'm ungrateful." With simple honesty, she dispelled this startling temptation from her mind.

When she turned her attention to the room once more, she noted that the kitchen was fragrant with spicy odors. A pie, a molasses cake, a pan of biscuits, frying ham, and the delicious aroma of the boiling coffee—she tended them all deftly, going rapidly from kitchen to pantry, to cellar, to woodshed. She watched the cooking victuals zealously, seeming to know by instinct when the fire needed more wood. All her motions were quick, sure; there was no waste of energy, no useless movement.

Outside she heard Mr. Webb moving about. But even this was drowned somewhat by the honking of the wild geese.

"Now ain't that a pretty sound," said Martha Webb, "but still there do be something sad about it just the same. I wish I had a canary. It would be a sight of company this winter. But they cost a lot, and even if Mr. Webb would buy me one, it might die, and all that money would be wasted."

She took the things hot from the stove and set the table. She looked again at the old clock on the shelf above the kitchen table. Six o'clock. It was time for Mr. Webb to come to supper. He was never late. There. She heard his footsteps on the porch. . . .

Silas Webb came into the room, hung his hat on the nail, looked at his hands, poured a little water into the basin, dipped his hands in it, and wiped off the dirt on the towel. Then he sat down and helped himself plentifully to food.

It was a little while before he spoke.

"Snowing harder," he said.

"Land sakes! You don't say, Mr. Webb. Now ain't that too bad? Seems as how the snow is coming sooner this year than last. It's harder on us, what with us tramping through it to feed all them cows."

He did not answer.

Martha Webb heard the soft swish of the snow against the window. She thought, "It's snowing too bad for him to go to Pike's Store for the mail. What will I do for my head?"

A spasm crossed her face.

"Ain't you going to eat your supper, Marthy? What be ailin' you?" Mr. Webb asked.

Martha Webb was startled into speechlessness for a moment. She hadn't meant Mr. Webb seeing her give way to her pain.

"My head, Mr. Webb. It do be hurting something awful. Seems as how I don't feel as if I could swallow a bite. I'm that sorry, Mr. Webb." Even as she had called him Mr. Webb when serving him as housekeeper, so now she still called him Mr. Webb as his wife, from sheer force of habit.

"What? Aching again? Seems to me as how you have a lot of headaches here lately."

"I know it, Mr. Webb. I'm that sorry I don't know what to do. It do beat all I ever see. At times I think it never stops aching."

Silas Webb grunted through his food.

"That's too bad. Say it hurts bad?"

"Somethin' awful. So bad I'm nigh crazy with the pain of it." She was embarrassed, but eager to tell. "And, Mr. Webb, my arms get prickly and numb, too, like you could stick pins in and me not feel it. It's been this way now going on two weeks."

"It do, hey?"

"Yes, Mr. Webb. But my head's the worse. Seems as how it'll split in two now this very minute."

Silas Webb finished eating in silence, then pushed back his chair from the table. After a little while he spoke again, turning to her clumsily.

"Seein' as how yer head's so nigh bustin', Marthy, I caculate it'll pay me to git down to Pike's Store ter nite instead of tomorrow night. Mebbe Sam Pike can fix up somethin' for your head. Besides, the new white cow is mighty sick. She's actin' bad. Stampin' around something fierce. I've give her all I know what to, but 'tain't no use. Seems as how it'll be best to go down into the village

and fetch the cow doctor to come do somethin' for her. Mebbe the snow ain't that deep yet that old Dan can't plough through it in the buggy. I'll ask Sam to fix up somethin' for your head if I don't forgit."

Martha Webb's eyes grew dim with longing. She turned her face to him, and smiled, as much as it was possible for her in her pain. For one second something eternal passed between them — something unrecognized and but dimly felt. "Why, Mr. Webb," she said, "Why, Mr. Webb. . . ."

Silas Webb lumbered to his feet, took his hat from off the nail, and went out of the door. She heard him harnessing up the horse, and presently from the window she saw him in the buggy moving off down the road through the snow.

When she could see the buggy no longer, Martha Webb set about clearing the supper table. In her heart there was a great joy— for now she was really going to get something to cure this terrible pain. How kind Mr. Webb was. . . .

When the kitchen work was done, she went into their bed room, off the kitchen. She turned down the heavy blankets with unfeeling fingers. The bed had long ceased to interest her save as a refuge for aching body. Just to sink down from weariness and sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep. So harassed was she, she felt she could not bear another minute this dull pounding in her head.

She put the two pillows into place, and, as she straightened up, her face was reflected in the mirror of the cheap pine bureau which stood in the opposite corner.

The mirror revealed her as a short, slender, dark woman. Her hair, still black as a bat's wing, was pulled forward and knotted almost upon her brow. Her dress was of the cheapest calico. Her eyes were of a dark brown, and her brows and lashes were black like her hair. Her skin was dull and lifeless. Bleak Hill Farm had sucked her dry, her best years, and drained her of her vitality.

Wearied, she moved from the bed room to the warm kitchen again. She went and sat down in a chair by the kitchen stove. She told herself that for only a moment would she sit there. In a minute she would get up. She dozed. She had a lovely dream. She lived in such a pretty little parsonage, and the flowers about the door were so fragrant, and she had time to stoop and smell of them, and admire their beauty. And she had no sense of weariness, no feeling of being tired. Love was there warming her, enfolding her, filling her with almost unbearable radiance. When she opened her eyes Silas Webb stood over her, big and powerful, and shaking her chair.

"Git up, Marthy. The cow doctor do be waitin' out at the barn for some hot water. Be there any? Hurry, Marthy."

Martha Webb arose quickly from her chair, abashed that Mr. Webb had caught her thus. She took the huge kettle from the stove and followed him to the barn.

She watched them work with the poor beast until her own legs grew suddenly weak beneath her, and she was forced to lean against the rough barn. How Mr. Webb loved his cows! A curious pallor overspread her face. Suddenly she grew brave.

"Mr. Webb, did you git the medicine for my head?" She could scarce keep the note of eagerness from her voice.

Silas Webb looked up.

"There, now, Marthy, if I didn't go and forgit that medicine. Ain't that too bad. I got to talkin' to Hiram here about the cow and . . ."

Wearied beyond endurance, she trudged sadly through the drifts of snow back to the house. The dark night closed in about her. There was neither moon nor stars, and the snow was coming down faster. "Mebbe I won't be here another year to see it snowin' like this," she said aloud, "if my head don't git no better."

She went in and sat down by the stove. The kitchen became very quiet. Only the slow tick-tock of the old clock on the shelf broke the silence. Again she nodded. Again she dozed.

Some time later Silas Webb came into the kitchen to get more hot water. The candle had gone out. The room was lighted only by the fire in the stove. Near the stove he stumbled against something.

Martha Webb lay upon the floor. Very quiet, as was her way. Very quiet and silent and still. Her eyes stared up at him, her mouth seemed twisted and strange.

"Git up, Martha," he said, "git up. I want some more hot water. Hiram lows as how the cow will be better by morning; but he wants more hot water fetched. It looks as how I won't lose her atter all. A hundred dollars do be too much to lose, ain't it? What be ye doin' on the floor, Marthy? Be ye sick? Answer me, Marthy."

But Martha Webb did not answer him. She had left Bleak Hill Farm forever.

MODERN PORTRAITS — THOMAS A. EDISON

By Clyde A. Nelson

ONE evening in October, 1928, Thomas Alva Edison was presented with the medal of the Congress of the United States. On one side, there is an inscription that bears the words: "He illuminated the path of progress by his inventions." This inscription tells in a few words what Mr. Edison has done and is continuing to do for the benefit of all mankind.

He was born February 11, 1847, and for more than fifty years has conceived new ideas, and has brought forth new inventions. He is the most prolific inventor of all times, having more than twelve hundred patents. The remarkable thing is that most of these have been of some practical value to the world.

One rather striking incident which probably affected his later life is the fact that his first invention was a financial failure. Edison was working in a telegraph office, and while there, perfected a machine for electrically recording the votes. The officials of the state refused to adopt the contrivance because it would work and therefore prevent filibustering. Since that first experience, Mr. Edison has always determined if his work would be of any practical value before he started on it.

There is a story often told concerning Edison's life as a night operator for a rail-

road. The manager of the circuit was afraid that young Edison might fall asleep on the job, therefore ordered him to tick off the signal for "six" every half hour. Edison, not liking these arrangements, promptly rigged up a small wheel with notches which would automatically tick the required signal every half hour. He was ordered to stop a train once at this same office, but failed to do so because of carelessness. Edison left the job before he could be discharged.

After travelling from town to town on foot seeking a job, he finally entered the office of the Gold and Black Telegraph Co. The tickers were out of order, and young Edison volunteered to find the trouble. He did, and in a few minutes had a position at three hundred dollars a month.

About this time Edison began his tireless activity of invention, which he has never rested from. He established his first laboratory at Menlo Park in 1876. The year before he had discovered the electrical phenomena which he called "etheric force," now recognized as due to electric waves in space, and which is the foundation of wireless telegraphy. In his first two years at Menlo Park, he invented the carbon telephone transmitter and also the microphone which makes radio possible.

The invention of the phonograph was the favorite of his work. As soon as he heard his own voice, he predicted that in a few years the talking machine would be in millions of homes. Edison soon saw this prediction come true.

The story of his invention of the electric light is well known. This took place in 1879, and revolutionized American homes. Edison will be remembered longest for this invention.

In 1912, he turned his attention to synthetic chemistry. England and Germany had placed an embargo on carbolic acid at the beginning of the war, and Edison devised a way of making it. He worked in many other lines of chemistry before the war was over.

Many years ago, Edison became almost totally deaf. This may have been a blessing, because it has undoubtedly saved him from many useless irritations and worries. It may also account in a way for his good health so late in life.

The inventor, aside from having received the Congressional Medal, has been honored by the French government. He is an officer and a commander in the Legion of Honor. He has received honors also from other foreign countries, degrees from universities and medals from various societies.

Edison is at present interested in obtaining rubber from goldenrod. He became interested in rubber through his friendship with Ford and Firestone. A huge plantation in the South is to be used for this work. If he discovers a method to do this, it will be the crowning glory of his brilliant scientific career.

It is at the age of eighty-three that we see him now, a man of average height, a little stooped. His eyes have a peculiar searching look, and yet always a twinkle. His hair is white, and this adds to the dignity of a well-shaped head.

There is something about this man that cannot be explained. One sees it at the first glance, and the wonder increases. The face

has intellect, force and humor all blended together. There is a blended power of concentration and action.

He has lived and is continuing to live a life of usefulness. It seems a pity that so great a man must die before we really learn to appreciate him.

There are two classes of men, the one pulls up and the other pulls down. One builds, the other destroys. The one has energy, will, power and purpose. The other has selfish ambition. Thomas A. Edison is a builder, a thinker, and a tireless worker for all humanity. We may well say of the wizard of Menlo Park that he has a mind to conceive, a heart to resolve and a hand to execute.

AN ARABIAN STORM

(A translation of Victor Hugo's Poem, "Les Djinns")

By James E. Harbin

Walls, city
And door,
Asylum
Of death.
Grey sea
Where the breeze
Lulls
Everything asleep.

Far away
A noise is born.
It is the breath
Of the night,
That moans
Like a soul
Tormented
In hell.

The voice tinkles
Like a silver bell;
It is the gallop
Of a skipping dwarf.
It flees, springs up,
Then rhythmically
Dances with one foot
On the crest of a wave.

The tumult approaches,
The echo repeats it;
It is like the bell
Of an accursed convent,
Like the noise of a crowd
Which thunders and rolls,
Now silent,
Then roaring.

God! It's the sepulchral voice
Of the DJINNS—What a noise they make!
Let us flee under the spiral
Of the stalwart stairway!
Already my lamp has gone out
And the shadow of the stair-rail
Creeps up from the long wall
And mounts up to the ceiling.

It is the host of Djinns passing,
Whirling and whistling.
The yew-trees, broken in their flight,
Crackle like a burning pine.
Their heavy yet swift troop
Stealing into the space,
Looks like a livid cloud
Carrying fire and destruction.

They rapidly approach!—Let us keep closed
This room in which we shall defy them.
What a noise outside! Hideous army
Of vampires and dragons!
The rafters supporting the roof are loosened,
Bending down as wilted plants.
The old rusty door creaks
And tries to tear itself from its hinges.

Cries of hell! Voices which scream and howl.
The ghastly host pushed on by the west wind—
Have mercy, O God, have mercy on my dwelling.
The wall sways beneath the black batallion,
The house sways, reels and totters,—
One would say that it was torn from its pillars.
The storm rules it with its whirlwind,
As if it were only a small dry leaf.

Prophet! If your hand saves me
From these black demons of the night,
I will go and bow my forehead
Before your sacred altars!
Make their blast of sparks
Die on these faithful doors,
And let their winged claws vainly
Beat on these black window panes.

They have passed! Their cohorts
Have vanished in flight, and their feet
Have ceased beating on my door
With their repeated blows.
The air is filled with a sound of chains,
And in the neighboring forests
The great oaks are still quivering,
Bent under their fiery flight.

The beating of their distant wings
Decreases,
So diffused in the plains,
So feeble, that one thinks
He hears the grasshopper
Cry with a shrill voice,
Or the patter of hail
On the roof of an old house.

Strange sounds
Come to us yet;
Thus, in Arabia
When the horn sounds,
There floats up for a moment
A song from the strand,
And the dreaming child
Has golden dreams.

The terrible Djinns,
Sons of death;
Their grumbling host
Hasten their steps
To the shadows.
Thus, far away,
An invisible wave
Gently rolls.

This vague voice
That falls asleep,
Is the wave
On the shore.
It is the prayer—
Almost inaudible—
Of a saint
For the dead.

They fear
The night . . .
I listen:—
All fled
All dead;
The space
Erases
The noise.

THE STORM

By Harold Miller

THE big clock chimed mellowly twelve times. It roused John Farrel from a dreamy reverie. He stirred drowsily in his chair beside the cheerfully blazing fire. To him, it was a room of comfort—a room which reflected the security of his station in life. The room with its tapestried walls, its Italian console and mirrors, the groups of the orgy of the Bacchanal, the thickly carpeted floors—all reflected wealth, and ease, and security.

But underneath the sanguine glow of pleasure there lay a slight tinge of uneasiness. Back of him, on the brocaded tapestries, the silhouettes of his chair and figure danced, flickering with the fickle flame, leaping as in some wild, Bacchic orgy, leaping from pigmy sizes to gigantic proportions. Beasts crouched low, sprang up, and suddenly fled back into darksome retreats. It was a room of marionettes, and of giants. The gyrations of the figures made him nervous. There was, to be sure, nothing wrong. He could not for his life have put his finger on anything that was not as he wished it. There was only that faint, lurking, intangible sense of insecurity. It was like the last tense, quiet moments before the storm gathers together all its forces, and the squall breaks upon the mottled sea, or the moments before the sun leaps upon the world, freshly bathed in dew. It was as if some ponderous, momentous occurrence were about to begin, a force which would be as inevitable as death. Several times during the evening, he had felt uneasily that unknown eyes were upon him. He would not let the feeling increase, though. He had dispelled it by a glass of old wine and reflections upon his life. It was a successful life, for though he was still young, John Farrel was something of a philosopher and mature in judgment. But in his consideration, his friendship with Jerry was his outstanding success. His friendship was life.

It was queer to him how tenaciously his thoughts had clung to Jerry during the evening. Now that he thought back over the evening, he could trace every thought to Jerry. Queer, lovable, erratic old Jerry! As lovable as anyone on earth, but as unstable, too. But it was funny how all the evening his mind had been on Jerry. Now that he recalled this fact, he associated his slight uneasiness with his thoughts. He realized with a growing sense of alarm that he felt that hidden premonition of danger only because and directly because he had been thinking of Jerry. Of course, it was a silly thing to do, but his alarm became real. Why should he have thought so consistently about him? Why should he have this slight uneasiness about Jerry? Why did he, now, when he was perfectly rational, conscious of his actions, why did he hold his head erect, as if he were listening for some sound? For John Farrel was listening; he became more acutely conscious of it every passing second. Suddenly the striking was no longer mellow. It was harsh; it foreboded evil. Somewhere off in the house a blind swung shut. The wind

rose and howled in the trees outside. Even the air seemed to have become noisy. John Farrel was listening, with all the strain and acuteness of sure expectation. The void of space and time was broken by short, static noises. It was as if he were waiting for a blow to fall, and it prolonged.

So the man sat; rain began to fall. The wind gathered it up into its arms, and flung it frenziedly against the house. It beat against it with all the fury of an insensate being, mad, frantic, inevitable. John Farrel sat and listened. The rain was far off; the wind sounded far away. He waited for a noise he expected. The fire was a red glow of embers.

Suddenly it came—a rush of feet, a door slamming, a rustling of clothes; then inside the door stood—Jerry. But John Farrel was not surprised. Jerry shouted:

"John!"

"Why, man, what is it? Sit down."

Jerry slumped into a chair. His body quivered. His head sank upon his chest, his body was inert and lifeless. His eyes, blood-red, stared at the dying glow of red embers. He spoke with a struggle:

"John, the fire—look, it's dying."

"Oh, but that's all right."

"But, John, it's—it's dying. Don't you understand—it's dying." He struggled to his feet and threw an armful of wood on the fire. It blazed up.

He sank again into the chair. A deathlike lethargy held him silent. John beheld him in amazement. His face and hands were scratched, his clothes torn, his shoes spattered with mud. He must have been running through the forest. He took a long breath, and spoke through clenched teeth:

"John, I've done an awful thing. I've—I've—Jenny—Jenny is dead."

"Dead? Do you mean it?"

"Yes, she—"

"How?" John was stunned to silence.

"I — I," something in Jerry's eyes told John. Neither could speak. John drew back, horror stamped on his face, his eyes staring and incredulous, fixed on Jerry. He drew back in his seat, his hands icy, his heart cold. How could Jerry do it—he whom he had loved and cherished his whole life. His thoughts ran riot. Only one thing he could think of—Jerry a murderer, Jerry a murderer. Jerry was crumpled, his eyes glazed. They both kept silent. The minutes sped by. The air rang in his ears, and the static noises broke into his consciousness. The striking of the clock thundered through the house.

"Jerry, they'll be coming."

Jerry shuddered.

"I know, I know. Oh, John, tell them I've been here all evening. I'll be safe if—if you do." Shame made him stop speaking, but the agony of his desire twisted his face and his trembling lips. John Farrel discovered suddenly that Jerry was afraid. He was silent, striving to conceive what Jerry had said. He wanted him to lie for him, to protect him in such an affair. It was many minutes before John replied, but he answered coldly, even with fury in his voice.

"I—I can't do it, Jerry. It's too much, even for us."

"But, John, John. You can't refuse? You won't tell them? Why, think of our life.

We've known each other for years. We've lived together and grown up together. We're a part of each other. Have you forgotten all the things we've done? Oh, John, you can't, you won't refuse?" The words rushed impetuously, meaningless, from his lips. He sank down exhausted on his seat and shut his eyes. To have John turn away from him was too much. His hope was gone.

They sat in silence, John staring straight in thought, Jerry breathing heavily. Redoubling the fury of the rain, the gale lashed the house. Drops of rain became stinging pellets of molten steel. Within sat two men in the darkness, friends, but one a murderer. Jerry was shrunken, apathetic. John, his fist clinched, his nails digging into his palms, his eyes staring aghast at the dying fire. He could not yet actually realize what had happened.

Jerry sprang up and stalked up and down the floor. He was not a man, but a supernatural being. John jabbed the letter-opener into his hand, but he did not feel it. Thunder shook the house. Above the howling of the gale came a more awful noise. A sudden knocking of the door quivered over the house. Again it came, hard, insistent, demanding. Jerry spoke swiftly, and stopped before John.

"Of course you can't, John." He laughed bitterly. "I was a fool to suppose you could do it. I've got to take the consequences. I've been a fool, an awful fool. I'll go, John, in just a minute. Give me a glass of wine, quick." He walked fearfully up and down, unable to stand still, to control himself. "Hurry, John, I've got to go."

"Jerry, Jerry, I will do it. I'll have to. I can't let you go—this way—after all our lives together. I'll tell them you've been here all evening. You are still my Jerry."

"No! No, John. I can't let you do it. I'll go, in a minute. Give me some wine." He gulped a glass of wine, but his hand was unsteady. He spilled some on the floor, and turned to go.

Both men stared at each other, Jerry frightened, John questioning; both were still, poised, as actors in a play. They moved simultaneously. The knocking at the door sounded again.

"Jerry, I'll go. Sit down."

"No, John; keep them at the door a minute and I'll be gone." Jerry ran toward the rear of the house.

"Jerry, Jerry! Wait!" But he was gone, with the wind. John swayed unsteadily for a moment, sighed, and stumbled to the door. He fumbled with the key, and finally flung the door open. The dimly-seen group of three stepped into the hall, rain-soaked.

"Is Jerry Holborn here?" one demanded.

"He is not here."

"Has he been here?" The questioner was insistent. John Farrel spoke coldly and finally:

"He was here this evening, but he is not here now. Please go, gentlemen. There is nothing I can do for you that cannot be done in the morning. He slung open the door and the three went out.

The fury of the gale increased. The wind became a demon, sending the rain into John's face like needles. Thunder roared. Lightning flashed across the sky. The beating of his heart filled his ears, adding to the tumult. He turned back into the house. Somewhere out in the storm Jerry struggled, but the storm was nothing to the storm which the remainder of his life would be.

PEACE WITHOUT AMERICA

By Joseph M. Doggett

IN every great movement and project which has involved a number of the world powers and empires and has had as its paramount objective the elevation and betterment of the political, social and economic status of the entire world, America—our own United States—has ever been foremost in the successful interpretation and execution of such movements and projects. She has contributed without end, and in no beggardly way, to every needy call sounded upon her benevolent doors of finance, political assistance, social construction and the like.

Certainly, our generosity is inately within us, and for this quality we are most fortunate. The slightest call for assistance is responded to with the abundance of our store, and gladly so. A great many outstanding instances of our good fellowship could be cited which might portray our willingness to cooperate with the nations, and yield of our substances toward the making of a better world and the eradication of suffering among our fellow men of different climes and race.

Since the horrible world conflict of 1914-18, the world has learned through that dear school of experience that it is absolutely futile and inharmonious to the plan of human life to war one with another, and to engage in constant strife and turmoil. Such has been emphasized by the devastation of millions of acres of land, the loss of millions of lives, the widowing of millions of wives and mothers, and the great slump suffered by the moral and ethical standards of the world. Ought not America use her power and influence to guard such catastrophes from coming to us again? Such an event must never be repeated, such terrible experiences must never again besmear the world, leaving it so scarred and bruised.

Immediately after this struggle was brought to an end by the signing of the Armistice, the suffering nations began their plans for some sort of peace and solace which might content a world so contorted and bloody. Woodrow Wilson was the first sane herald of world peace to sound the call, bringing together these suffering, broken, weary nations.

From this embryonic beginning in Paris, under the executive hand of Wilson, this campaign for world peace began. The League of Nations now has in its membership fifty-four nations. War is no longer desirable—not even respectable.

Strange, indeed, as it is, the nation who gave to the world such a herald of peace is not numbered in this list. America, more than any other nation, would be expected to join such an organization, but we have not followed our great leader. We have made a martyr of him. The challenge of peace was not accepted and the United States is out of the League.

If our purpose is not to prepare for peace, then we have failed as a world power. Perhaps some day America will wake up to her opportunities, realizing that the peace of the world is uncertain until she takes a definite stand on that side.

A SONG OF SPRINGTIME

By E. H. Gibson

Sing a song of springtime,
Music in the air,
Bees an' birds an' butterflies a flittin' everywhere.
Now that winter's over,
World a gittin' bright,
Feet begin to lighten an' we feel mos' like a spryte.

Sing a song of springtime,
Everything's in tune,
Young folks an' old alike a sighing at the moon.
When the day is over,
Dusk begins to fall,
You c'n see 'em all a strollin' by the old garden wall.

Sing a song of springtime,
Apple blossoms red,
Birds a cooin' in the trees, blue skies overhead:
Why are people troubled,
Lookin' back an' worryin' so?
Why not look now to the present an' let the past an' future go?

LISTENING IN

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"Nature suffers nothing to remain in her kingdoms which cannot help itself."
—Emerson.

'Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly, and, if you speak, speak accordingly."—Franklin.

"They that soar too high often fall hard, which makes a low and level dwelling preferable."—William Penn.

"Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul."
—Longfellow.

"America has yet morally and artistically originated nothing."—Walt Whitman.

"Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found."
—Pope.

"Words too familiar or too remote defeat the purpose of a poet."—Samuel Johnson.

"My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky.
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety."
—Wordsworth.

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay."
—Goldsmith.

"Avoid extremes; forbear resenting injuries so much as you think they deserve."
—Franklin.

"Society never advances."—Emerson.

"Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead."
—Walt Whitman.

"Above all, let us shrink from no strife, moral or physical, within or without the nation, provided we are certain that the strife is justified, for it is only through strife, through hard and dangerous endeavor, that we shall ultimately win the goal of true national greatness."—Theodore Roosevelt.

Wofford College Journal
Established 1889

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Entered at the postoffice, Spartanburg, S. C., as second-class matter.

The Wofford College Journal is published seven times a year, on the fifteenth of the month, by the Student Body.

Subscription per year, $1.25.

EDITORIALS

Nearing the End

For some of us, the few remaining days of this school year will be our last. For nearly four year, six days each week, we have sought knowledge, and some of us, wisdom. What will these years, these associations that we have made, mean to us in after years?

Only a short while remains. As Commencement day approaches, there is a mingled feeling of joy and sadness. We have attained that goal for which we have been striving for four years, yet we shall have to leave the college. Have we profited, have we made new friends that will mean much in later years? Will the record we leave be an asset or a liability to our future lives? Have we made any impression on those whom we are leaving?

These are a few questions that we will have to answer as the goal which we have sought comes nearer and nearer.

Drama Prize

Believing that "The Journal" has lacked a very important phase of literary composition this year, namely the drama, we would like to announce a prize of five dollars for the best one-act play. It will be published in the final issue of "The Journal," the material for which must be handed in by May 1st. Let's see what we can do.

What Do We Read?

In the final issue of "The Journal" next month, we hope to have a very interesting essay. It is to be concerned with what Wofford College students are reading. No doubt this article will throw some light on the likes and dislikes of the Wofford students along literary lines. —J. C. O.

The Aspiration of Imaginary Orontas

From the vast population of the world, there is only a small percentage of people who are not eager to attain, to a certain degree, that which is noble, pure, and spiritual. From this population come college students who become serious, perhaps, after years of frivolous gaieties. They then have a longing, or an earnest wish for that which is above one's present reach. This we call aspiration. "It is not *aspiration*, but *ambition* that is the mother of misery."

In the western part of North Carolina, there lived the son of an humble couple. What possessed this couple to name their son Orontas, I cannot tell, for although it is a Persian name, the boy proved to be strictly American. After having attended a mountain school during the morning hours of every week, he worked with his father around the

farm. His education became as complete as any of his associates, but he realized that he still had more to learn. After talking with his father, Orontas decided that he would enter the medical profession and call this his life work. He left his mother and father and with his mountain school certificate, was enrolled in the Medical College at Charleston. His work there was very satisfactory, and he soon became an ideal in the sight of the faculty and his fellow students. The zeal with which he worked was very noticeable. His Christian qualities were exhibited by his faithful attendance to many of the city churches. He soon acquired his degree and settled as a practicing physician in his home town.

"I have climbed one step higher in the attainment of greater things for humanity," Orontas said to his father, as he glanced leisurely through his college annual, after years of successful practice. "But I am not contented. There are many other things I can do, even higher than my present profession, which will contribute more to humanity. I shall step forward, then, and consecrate my life to higher ideals."

Many years passed before Orontas enjoyed the assurance of doing greater things. After graduating from Oxford, he was elected as one of the faculty of a male college in Kentucky. His work was teaching medicine. Boys came to him for advice and he always turned their thoughts to higher ideals. Orontas was truly successful, but he still longed to accomplish tasks which were even more noble. He sacrificed his work in the Kentucky college and went back to his parents' home in North Carolina. There he consecrated his life to Christian service among his fellow mountaineers.

One afternoon in August, the boy whose name signified success left the toil of the town and wandered in the quiet of a mountain path. The sun's rays added a darker shade to his present tan, for he had previously participated in many out-door activities. His thin, amber hair waved with the breeze as he gradually reached the summit. He discarded his clothes, piece by piece, for the heat was intense. With his outer garments thrown across his arms, there remained only the bottom part of his athletic underwear on his body. As the sun penetrated through the thin layer of hair, the well muscled arms and thighs seemed to possess even greater strength. Suddenly this manly youth stopped to cut a joint from a rat-tan vine. With this and the aid of a hemp twine taken from his coat pocket, he made a bow. He then cut a strong bamboo reed from which he made an arrow. On the body of the arrow, in small, neat letters, the word *aspiration* was carved. After the construction of the bow and arrow was completed, Orontas ascended to the end of his path—a segregated spot on the summit of the mountain. He cast his clothes aside, propped his foot against a half-burned stump, and grasped the bow and arrow in his hand. With the strength from his muscled arm, he drew the arrow back to the full deflection of the bow. With his head turned heavenward and his eyes beaming, he released the arrow with the following exclamation: "To the stars I send my aspiration."

Fellow students, many great men such as Lincoln, Washington, or Wilson have gained

greater accomplishments by shooting their arrows of aspiration to higher planes than the highest peak on which they stood. Our bows containing arrows of aspiration lie idly by our sides. Will we not grasp them firmly, pull the arrows back, and shoot them upward into a higher plane of civilization.

—C. R. B.

CURRENT MAGAZINES

McCALL'S MAGAZINE

One of the most helpful and interesting articles appearing in recent months is that in the April issue of "McCall's," entitled, "What'll I Do Now?" by Rita Halle. It is a frank discussion of the chances that a college graduate has of making good in business.

To quote: "An amazing change has taken place in the last decade in the relationship between college graduates and business. Up to that time, the college man's lack of success in business was part of the orthodox public gospel, the legitimate subject for mirth-inspiring cartoons. If the college graduate wanted to get into business, he carefully concealed his sheepskin as he journeyed from office to office. Now he no longer needs to journey at all. We, on the other hand, go to seek him at the college gate."

The author cites figures to show that the college education is extremely valuable, and that the learning capacity is doubled. She also says that it has come to the point that a partial college course is hardly more useful than none at all, because of the tremendous numbers who have had full college courses and even graduate work.

To quote again: "The world moves very fast, and nowadays a boy must be able not only to do today's job well, but he must have the training in how to think; the knack of dealing with men that comes from experience; in getting on with all kinds of people; and in the ability to grasp business principles that comes from a knowledge of the past. He must have not only exact knowledge, but he must be able to apply it to a particular problem. He must know how to dig out the answer to a problem for which there has been no precedent. Moreover, he must have the work habit, and a willingness to accept criticism—to be 'told.'

"If Johnny Smith, B. A., has acquired all these qualities, or even the majority of them, he should achieve what he set out to achieve, what his parents had hoped for him."

BOOKS AND THE MAN

By John C. Otts, Jr.

Several of the most popular of the recent war books have been made into talking pictures. The moving picture producers saw the great possibility in these stirring novels and they lost no time in getting them filmed. Among those which have been released re-

cently are: "All Quiet On the Western Front," by Erich Remarque; "Journey's End," by R. C. Sheriff; and "The Case of Sergeant Grischa," by Arnold Zweig.

The O. Henry Prize Award has been given to Maristan Chapman for her story, "Treat You Clever." Miss Chapman is one of the new "finds," and she has already written two excellent novels that have entered the best-seller lists. They are "The Happy Mountain" and "Homeplace."

The Harper prize of $10,000 for the best American novel submitted by February, 1931, has just been announced. The judges are Carl Van Doren, Ellen Glasgow, and Grant Overton. Former winners are "The Able McLaughlins," by Margaret Wilson, 1922-23; "The Perennial Bachelor," by Anne Parrish, 1924-25; "The Grandmothers," by Glenway Westcott, 1926-27; "The Dark Journey," by Julian Green, 1928-29.

The last two selections of the Literary Guild are "The Great Meadow," by Elizabeth Madox Roberts, and "Bystanders," by Maxim Gorki. The first is a typically American novel of Kentucky in the days of Daniel Boone. The latter is a typical Russian novel, long, and full of characters. They are at opposite extremes, but are both pleasing and interesting.

"Ninety-Six," by Elliott Crayton McCants, is a novel of the more romantic days of the Revolution in South Carolina. Prof. McCants relates the thrilling story of Ninety-Six when the British were in control there.

BEST SELLERS

Fiction—

1. "The Woman of Andros" —Thornton Wilder.
2. "Cimarron"—Edna Ferber.
3. "Exile"—Warwick Deeping.
4. "The Great Meadow" —Elizabeth Madox Roberts.
5. "The Door"—Mary Roberts Rinehart.

Non-Fiction—

1. "Byron"—Andre Maurois.
2. "Is Sex Necessary" —James Thurber and E. B. White.
3. "Treatise of the Gods" —H. L. Mencken.
4. "The Crusades"—Harold Lamb.
5. "Lincoln"—Emil Ludwig.

SUCH THINGS AS BOOKS

William A. Wofford, *Editor*

"DOWN IN THE VALLEY"

By H. W. Freeman

It would have been wonderful to report that "Down in the Valley" was another book as powerful and as beautiful as this author's first book, "Joseph and His Brethren." But truth will out; and it must be said that this new novel is the one of the most disappointing books of the whole season's output. Seldom has a second novel been awaited with such interest, because Mr. Freeman's "Joseph and His Brethren" brought a new apprecia-

tion of the richness and fragrance of the soil as it affected human life. This time, instead of writing of farms, Mr. Freeman brings the city man to the country and shows its gradual effect upon him. The stark, terrible bitterness, so amply displayed in "Joseph," is missing.

H. W. Freeman is a gifted writer. "Joseph and His Brethren" was not only the choice of the Book-of-the-Month Club for January, 1929, but was one of the outstanding books of the year.

But his new book fails to make any great impression. It lacks warmth, earnestness and a genuine problem. It lacks vitality and is never compelling. The description, however, is well written. —W.A.W.

"THE GO-BETWEEN"

By Therese Benson

In this novel the author tells an amusing story of a double impersonation. The ending is unexpected and quite romantic. The reason for the name of the book is a little slip of a girl who is half Chinese and half American. She very cleverly plays the go-between for the four main characters. Around four persons, the author has woven a story of mistaken identity and impersonation, which carries us through a series of surprising situations to a clever ending. This story will please those who are looking for a light novel, well done. —C.A.N.

BRIEF REVIEWS

By Clyde A. Nelson

"Down In Flames," by Ben Ray Redman. In ten episodes, each of which is packed with action, the writer has shown in what curious different ways men will react to the sudden threat of death. This is a story of the valor and of the astounding deeds of certain men of the Royal Flying Corps. Each adventure is told with a deep appreciation of men under a strain. This is possibly the first flying story of any literary value.

"Seven Women," by William M. John. We can't say much for this. The author has given a true interpretation of his seven different types, but his method is rather repulsive. He could surely have taken some different way.

"The Bulls of Rome," by Ludwig Huna. Here is a vivid novel, presenting the Prince of Plotters, and the characters' lives are twisted around his plans for Cesare and Lucrezia. It is a rich account of Rome during the Italian Renaissance. The story is cleverly written and very entertaining.

"The Hidden City," by Philip Gibbs. Here is a story presenting many unusual things about the great city of London. A young doctor gives a vivid description of it as seen through his patients. It is effectively written.

"Spirals," by Aaron Marc Stein. In this we have something new under the sun. It is very simply and clearly written. It is a different and new interpretation of the modern youth. It is a Princeton novel of the college life of a clear headed young man.

"The Crusades," by Harold Lamb. The title tells the story. It has been done before. A story of iron men and gentle ladies during the warfare of medieval times.

BRIEF REVIEWS

By William Wofford

"October's Child," by Donald Joseph. Whether or not you were born in the month

of changing leaves, you will want to read this fine novel of a boy's struggle and awakening to manhood. This is a first book, but the author promises to go far. Mr. Joseph has a vivid understanding of the tragedies of childhood and youth. It is a beautiful novel, written with tenderness and charm.

"Fugitive's Return," by Susan Glaspell. This author's first novel, "Brook Evans," was a brilliant success. Now in her second book, Susan Glaspell has sought to write another novel of enduring quality. It is a pleasure to report that she has not failed, although it must be said that this new attempt is not nearly so moving and haunting as "Brook Evans." It is the dramatic story of a woman, who seemingly defeated by life, resolves to die by her own hand. A twist of circumstances changes her plan, and the book ends in the striking ruins of old Delphi.

"Short As Any Dream," by Elizabeth Sergeant. This is a searching novel of fast decaying life in old New England. It is full of pathos and beauty. It is a distinguished work of art, noble in conception. "Short as Any Dream" may be compared to Louis Bromfield's "Early Autumn."

"Laughing Boy," by Oliver La Farge. This is a first novel of sheer strength and primitive love, admirably rendered and exquisitely written. The two main characters, Laughing Boy and Slim Girl, are vivid and real. The whole book moves in beauty like an Indian chant.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

JOHNNIE MAY, *Editor*

"THE BRAMBLER"

Sweet Briar College

March brings a very attractive issue of the "Brambler," the cover being especially effective. The contents also give a pleasing variety of themes.

We wish to commend the "Brambler" on its poetry. Most of it is worthwhile, a fact which is unusual with college magazines. Probably the best poem in this issue is "The Dark to Come," by Miss Wallace.

The prose selections and editorials are all well done. "As We Pass By" is a pleasing novelty.

Here's to you, "Brambler"!

"THE WESLEYAN"

Wesleyan College

This is the first copy of the "Wesleyan" that we have received, and we realize now what we have been missing.

We have never read a neater or a more attractively gotten up college magazine than the "Wesleyan."

Excellent material interspersed with excellent illustrations make for the Wesleyan girls an incomparable magazine.

Such contributions as "The Poplars," "Invincible," "The Wreckage," and "The Awakening" would be an asset to any college magazine.

There is a freshness and a variety about the "Wesleyan" that pleases us.

You're the best of the month. —J.C.O.

"THE COLLEGIAN"
Presbyterian College

P. C. gives us a very attractive magazine this month. A well-balanced content, composed of poems, essays and stories, gives variety. A very attractive and novel feature is "A Completion of 'The Lady or the Tiger.' "

The editorials appear at the first of the magazine. It is our opinion that it would be better to place them toward the end. However, the one on "Graduation" is excellent.

The "Collegian" is a creditable magazine.

"THE CONCEPT"
Converse College

The March issue of the "Concept" is written almost entirely by underclassmen, and it must be said that they have put out a very good magazine.

Converse girls continue to express their thoughts in poetry. This college has never had the difficulty experienced by the majority of schools in obtaining poetry.

This does not mean to say that the prose is neglected. There are several clever stories and a few well-constructed essays that provoke thought.

During the whole year, we have never received a single copy of the "Concept" through the exchange. We have had to borrow or get them the best way possible. Whatever the reason is, we have enjoyed reading it throughout the year. —J.C.O.

"THE ECHO"
Furman University

The "Echo" presents for February a well-balanced and attractive magazine. This is the first issue that we have been privileged to read and review this year, and it has made an excellent impression on us.

First of all, we wish to call attention to the work of Mr. McDavid, who contributes no less than three poems this month. Each is well-constructed and shows matured thought.

The outstanding story is "Courage of the 60's." It is well-written, and affords interest. The other two stories, "The Fading of the Rose" and "The Successful Man," are also pleasing.

"The Red Napoleon," that crowning star of impossible books, is reviewed by Mr. McDavid, and his review is to be commended.

Furman's "Echo" is to be congratulated.

"THE CHRONICLE"
Clemson College

After reading through this first issue of the "Chronicle," we fail to find much that is thought provoking or that with assurance might be classed as literature. It appears that the magazine was composed very quickly.

Nevertheless, there are some bright spots. For instance, the editorials, exchanges and poems are as good as can be found in any college magazine. But the stories are flat. They do not grip the reader with any intensity.

One feature of the "Chronicle" can hardly be commended. It is entitled, "To the

Ladies." We see no connection between this page and a college literary magazine.

Another bright spot of the magazine is "A Plea for World Peace Through Education and Religion." It is well-written and interesting.

"THE JOURNAL"

Winthrop College

Again Winthrop scores. Headed by one of the best short one-act plays that we have had the pleasure of reading in a long time, the magazine gives a pleasant variety of themes.

"Shadows" is a small masterpiece. The final words of Leslie's, "Oh, through the baff-room door just now—and it fell—jus' like my soldiers," clutched at one's heart strings. Winthrop and Miss Russell are to be commended.

The principal essay, "Three Shakespearean Kings," is also well written and is a valuable asset to the "Journal."

"We've Been Reading" is one of the best book sections that we have seen.

Winthrop has a real magazine! —J.C.O.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Columbia College, "Criterion," for March, and Sue Bennett, "Subemeco," for March.

ABOUT OURSELVES

(From the Columbia College "Criterion")

" 'The Wofford Journal' for February is a magazine of which you may well be proud. The contents are well balanced. The stories hold one's interest and are not too long. The essays are the best that we have seen for some time. They are written on well-chosen subjects and are very well written. The essay on Modernism expresses many of the attitudes of the person of today—we enjoyed it.

"You need several more poems and perhaps a play. The sections on literature of the day are well gotten up. They are at once interesting and stimulating, they create the desire to find out more about these offerings.

"On the whole, we think that the 'Journal' is to be congratulated on its February edition."

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HARBINGERS

By James E. Harbin

I ax de cacklin' rooster
  Why he flap his wings an' crow;
I ax de lazy hen
  Why she lay in de sun—jes' so.

I ax de bawlin' calf
  Why he kick up his heels in play;
I ax de mo-mo cow
  Why she lay in de shade all day.

I ax de mockin' bird
  Why he sing all day an' night;
I ax de sassy robin
  How come he like to fight.

I ax ole g'an'pa cooter
  Why he sit on a log in de sun;
I ax de little fishes
  Why dey done sta't to run.

I ax de little brook
  How come he flow so fas';
I ax de deep, wide ribber
  What make 'im move at las'.

An' den I ax g'an'pappy,
  Wid grey an' grizzly hair,
What make de t'ings so happy—
  "Dars spring-time in de air."

GREED

A Play in One Act

By William Arnette Wofford

CHARACTERS

An Old Man.
An Old Woman.
A Stranger.

Scene: The living-room of an old, dilapidated one-room house in the hills of North Carolina. It is a small room with smoked rafters. The furniture is of the very cheapest. There is an old table in the middle of the room, a broken arm-chair, a rocker, and an old stove with two legs missing, in which there burns a scanty fire. The walls are lined almost to the ceiling with old ragged newspapers, many which have loosened and are hanging in shreds. The atmosphere of the room is that of utter poverty, bleakness and miserliness. There is but one entrance on the left to the room from the outside. In the right corner of the room there is an old iron bed half hidden by an old ragged curtain on a string. It is late afternoon of a bleak day in January. Low, scudding clouds are hanging, the wind is sharp and cutting, and the approaching darkness fills the room. The sound of a man's voice — an old man — is heard in the shadow of the stove. He speaks in a slow, cracked voice like the rustling of parchment paper, to an old woman, his wife, seated in the broken rocker. He is a small, thin man of about seventy-one, shabbily dressed in patched clothes and old, ragged shoes. There is an indisputable look of greed written on his wrinkled face.

The Old Man (standing nearer the luke-warm stove, his small, stooped figure bent in hope of warming his cold hands)—Ye say, Old Woman, he'll shore be here ternite? (He raises up a bit and his eyes peer over in the direction of the Old Woman.)

The Old Woman—Wal, hain't ye got two ears same as I have? Ye heard him same as I did. That's what he said, and I'm counting on him to be good as his word, ain't you? And it hain't so long 'til he'll be here. (The Old Woman's voice takes on an eager, interested quality, her eyes light up at this thought.)

The Old Man—And you think we can do it all right and git away with it? Ye think there won't be no trouble? (His voice trembles, and his whole body is in a violent jerk at his drifting thoughts.)

The Old Woman (glancing at him sharply, a look of utter contempt in her faded eyes.) —Shut up, ye old fool, you! Course we can do it, and course there won't be no trouble. You and your fraid-cat notions! Bah! I'm good mind to say I won't give ye nary cent when I get my hands on that bag.

The Old Man—Now, Old Woman, I didn't mean it that way. Ye know I'm gonna stick by you; but I wuz justa hopin' we cud think of some other way to git that bag o' money without—without killing him in cold blood. That seems a bit hard for

him, and us gonna give him lodging for tonight. You ought to calculate you had a son once.

The Old Woman (at this last remark her face has become sad with memory at the thought of her boy she once idolized, but who went to make his way twenty-five years ago)—Ha! You dare mention my son after all these years . . . how old was he when he left me? . . . fifteen? . . . no, seventeen . . . how dim his face has grown! I calculate as how I wouldn't know him this very minute if I placed my two eyes on him, him that I gave a string with my last five dollar gold piece on. Ha! What a fool, what a fool! I recollect how I told him to wear it always 'round his neck, and when he was tempted to do wrong to look at it and 'member his poor old mother. Do ye hear that, Old Man, I ask you? That's a good 'un! Me telling him that! But that was before I met you and come to this.

The Old Man—Wal, I figure as how you ain't lost nothing by meetin' me, seeing as how your own son ain't concerned hisself with the likes of you, these many years. Besides, hain't me and you got our pile saved yonder under that there plank? Chances are you wouldn't have had nary cent now if you hadn't hitched up to me. Yes, sir; you ought to be proud of your old man, Old Woman!

The Old Woman (laughing mockingly)—Now look here, Old Man. Seeing as how you've put it so plainly, I'll have you know I hain't sorry I hitched up myself to you. But just the same, I'll have you understand I could have hitched up to some other old cuss. You hain't the only man in this world. But you're right 'bout the money. I have got you to thank for that. But think, Old Man, when we git hold of that there stranger's bag ternite how much more we'll have. We may have to fetch a new box to hold it! (Her voice ends on a note of high glee. Her old, wrinkled, calloused face is wreathed in a malicious smile. She sighs longingly.)

The Old Man—So you got yer mind set on doing away with him, then, have you? Wal, I reckon 'tain't no use for me to try and change yer mind. You wuz always that hard and set once ye set yer mind on anything. What be ye planning to do it with?

The Old Woman (quickly) — My butcher knife! I got it good and sharp this morning on that old whetrock of yern. Just one quick stroke, and then it'll be over. And all that gold will then be ourn. Ha! Little did he guess this morning when he axed me for lodging fer ternite that I saw that big bag of money bulging out under his coat. Yes, sir; I saw hit! Even if I am a bit up in years, I still got good eyes; ain't it the truth, Old Man? Say hit's the truth.

The Old Man (meekly) — Hit shore is the truth, Old Woman; yer eyes is shore keen like a cat's at night. Yes, siree, Old Woman, yer eyes shore are good uns.

The Old Woman—Yer right, Old Man, about that. (Thinking maliciously.) The lordly gentleman said he wuz looking for a lodging, and that the village below wuz full and no place for him, but that somebody told him perhaps me and you might put

him up fer the nite. Hain't that rich, Old Man? That somebody thought they'd make fun with us, but little thought that the gentleman would increase our money box. Ha. Ha. That's a good un! Laugh, Old Man; I tell you, laugh!

The Old Man (obediently laughs, apparently he is filled with joyful mirth at his wife's sally)—Yes, Old Woman, that's a good un. That's good and funny, yes, good and funny. But why can't we take a look at our money? Seems to me it'd do my tired old eyes good to see that bright, yellow gold. What do you say, Old Woman?

The Old Woman (at the mention of their hoarded gold, she sits up straight and instantly becomes sober, a fiendish malevolent grin suffuses her face)—Our money, did you say? Yes, Old Man, ye spoke a right bright remark. That there gold would do my eyes a sight of good, too. I hain't set eyes on it now since yesterday morning. But, good lands! How dark it is in here. I can't see two pegs ahead of me, Old Man. I'll fetch the lamp. (She arises from her chair and walks across the worn, bare floor to a shelf above the old bed that is curtained off. In a moment she returns, an old kerosene glass lamp held tightly in her hands. Its feeble light causes grotesque shadows to dance fantastically about the room. She places the lamp on the old center table and then walks swiftly over to a plank in the corner of the room and lifts it from the floor. Her hands disappear down into the hole and bring up a square, heavy, black box.) Now, Old Man, bring that thar lamp over here that I can see better. We need lots of light to make this here gold sparkle purty-like fer us. There, that's better. (Both the old man and old woman squat down on the bare boards and sift the gold through their fingers. A contented smile wreathes both their faces. They seem happy as innocent children. They let the gold fall from their fingers into the box for sheer pleasure and delight of hearing its metallic ring.

The Old Woman (excitedly)—Oh, hain't it purty-like, Old Man?

The Old Man (also excitedly)—It shore is, Old Woman. Seems as how it's shining specially for us. It is shore a purty sight; yes, siree, Old Woman, a purty sight. (A noise of approaching footsteps is heard on the outside, and a knock is heard on the locked door. The old man and old woman listen attentively, startled that they have so lost track of time. The knocking continues. They both jump guiltily.)

The Old Woman (nervous and excited)—Quick, you old fool,—hide that money! Be quick, too,—'cause we can't keep him out there in the cold all night. Remember that gold! (The old man replaces the gold hurriedly in the huge black box and places it again in its hole beneath the boards. Then arranging the plank in place, he gets up quickly from the floor and crosses over to the stove.)

The Old Man—There, now! Nobody'd ever guess there's hide nor hair of a cent here. Go let him in, Old Woman; go let the stranger in! We must be a friend to the stranger. (The old woman advances slowly to the door, lamp in her hand, a new look of eagerness on her face. She unfastens the door and pulls it open for the man on

the threshold to enter. The wind his now risen to a cyclonic gale and rushes madly into the house like demons gone mad. The pale flame flickers and sputters, but the old woman shields it by placing her hand before it.)

The Old Woman (hospitably)—Enter, stranger. We wuz just a-looking fer you, wuzn't we, Old Man?

The Old Man (trying to make his gutteral voice sound pleasant)—So we wuz, Old Woman. Yes, siree; so we wuz, stranger. Our house hain't rich like a mansion; but as I sometimes tells the Old Woman, hit's good enough to kinder keep our heads from the weather. So make yerself at home, stranger. What's ourn ternite is the same as yourn. (The stranger advances further into the room and at last takes the broken chair before the stove that the old woman indicates to him. He is tall, heavily bearded, and is about forty or thereabouts. His clothes are of a good cut, of expensive material, his coat bulges, and a diamond ring glistens in the lamplight on his hand.)

The Stranger (looking at the old man and old woman)—It is more than kind of you both to put me up for the night, especially on such a night as this. I shall certainly repay you in the morning. (Here the old woman's eyes twinkle fiendishly and she thinks she sees him place his hand on the bag under his coat.) And now, if you would permit me to retire, as I've had a very strenuous day, I would appreciate it.

The Old Woman (still hospitably)—Shore, stranger, just as you say. Yer bed's waiting fer you in that thar corner. But what did you say brought you here?

The Stranger—I'm afraid, madam, you would never understand my mission here in these hills. I'm a traveler, seeking one I hope to make happy some day. . . . But luck seems to be against me, and I would appreciate it if you'd allow me to retire now. I really am worn out.

The Old Man and Old Woman (together)—Shore, stranger, just as you say. (The stranger rises from his chair and follows the figure of the old woman, lamp in hand, to the curtained corner of the room. A moment later the old woman appears again and pulls to the ragged curtains. She places the lamp on the table and moves nearer the old man.)

The Old Woman (in a low whisper)—Now, you old fool, you, see if you can set yourself down and be still for a time till the stranger gits settled good to sleep. Mind you, see that you don't make a fuss. Everything depends on how me and you acts. If we wants to git our hands on that gold of his'n, bear in mind we both got to act good and quick when the time comes.

The Old Man (meekly)—Yer right, Old Woman. Yes, Old Woman, yer right. (The old woman seats herself on the other side of the stove and begins rocking slowly back and forth. She watches the hands of an old clock drag slowly by on an old shelf placed above the stove. The old man slumps in his chair. His eyes fall to the floor, and he seems to have no interest in anything, but the old woman sits upright, every muscle and nerve taut, while her eyes ever watch the old clock. The room grows very still. The fire dies low

in the stove, but neither of them seem to feel the deadening chill which slowly permeates the room. The night deepens and one o'clock approaches.)

The Old Woman (rising slowly from her chair)—Here, Old Man, it's time we done our work. I'll swear if I don't believe you've been asleep, yer old fool. Mind you, git yerself up without making any fuss. That thar gold's waiting on us.

The Old Man (blinking suddenly and opening his eyes, he stares in the direction of the old woman and rises quickly from his chair)—Now, Old Woman, don't be a fool. You know I wuzn't no more asleepin' than you wuz. Why, how could I sleep and that thar purty shinin' gold calling us to come fetch it? No, siree; I wuzn't sleepin'. (He moves nearer the old woman, who now takes the lamp in her hands and makes for the curtained corner where the stranger is sleeping. The old woman takes from the shelf above the stove a long, slender, sharp butcher knife. The old man follows behind her.)

The Old Woman (in a low whisper)—Ha! Old Man, feel this blade. Sharp, hain't it? Yes, sir; Old Man, everything I alluz goes after, I alluz gits hit. Do you hear me, Old Man?

The Old Man (whispering meekly) — Yes, Old Woman. (They reach the curtained recess and the old woman motions for the old man to open the curtains for her. He does so. She enters the small enclosure, lamp in one hand, the butcher knife upraised in the other. The lamp causes fantastic shadows to dance and flit madly on the bare wall, and the stranger is seen in deep sleep on the bed, covered with old ragged quilts. The old man and old woman tiptoe silently near the bed and stand looking in silence at the sleeping figure.)

The Old Woman (in a whisper)—Old Man, don't he look peaceful-like, though? He'll never know what hit him. And see that hump in the kivers, Old Man? What do ye be thinking that is, Old Man?

The Old Man (greedily, but in a whisper)—Why, Old Woman, that thar's the gold! Yes, siree; shore that's the gold. (He smacks his lips.) (The old woman bends over the bed and holds the lamp close to the stranger's face, but he sleeps contentedly on. Then with a swift, sure stroke, she plunges the sharp knife into the sleeping man's side. There is no outcry. The stranger does not even stir. Then the old woman throws back the covers and pounces on the heavy bag at his side. She raises it and looks triumphantly at the old man.)

The Old Woman (grinning maliciously)—Ha! Old Man, here is that thar gold! It's ourn at last . . . that thar purty, shinin' gold. . . . (She opens the bag and stands spell-bound staring at the bright gold within. But then she draws back in terror as her eyes beheld a broken string with a single five dollar gold piece attached to it. She screams wildly. The lamp falls from her shaking fingers. The deep silence is broken only by the maddening wind on the outside hurling itself against the house, and the hoot of an owl afar off. On the shelf above the old clock strikes one.)

CULTURE STUDIES IN EDUCATION

By Harold Miller

FAR in the distance gleam the marble temples of the gods. Nearer, the Sacra Via looms with its white extent. A triumph of the gods is at hand. On either side of the Sacred Way, the tumultuous throng pushes its way—gay, noisy, expectant. A gala day is that day, when a victorious general is granted a triumph by the staid Roman Senate. A quiet hovers over the throng—the cavalcade is slowly beginning. Farther down the street, a shout fills the air so that the "concave banks of Father Tiber" fairly re-echo the cry. Like the rolling billows of the sea, the shouts of praise sweep among the throng. Slowly, the procession advances: the elephants first, massive, slow-moving, richly-caparisoned. Then a legion of Roman soldiers, shields forming an iron wall, helmets and spear-points flashing in the sun. They stride along, defiance in their eyes, pride and haughtiness in their pace. Behind them come a legion, but of stragglers, ragged and unkempt—the conquered prisoners of war. But hark! The clamor is redoubled. In a gleaming chariot of gold, the victorious general sits, dressed in a robe of purest white, with a patrician border. His classic brow, his proud demeanor, and gorgeous accoutrements liken him to one of the gods. But—there is a sudden hush—after the chariot of the general plods wearily along a woman, the wife of the conquered general. Her hair is ragged and unkempt, her eyes red with weeping. Three small children clutch her dress with frightened hands. On the procession sweeps, amid the fanfare of trumpets. Three days it climbs the hill to the Forum, until all the novel sights brought home for the Roman Populace are carried along the Sacred Way.

Now the scene shifts, and we behold a vast amphitheatre. It is an Olympiad, and the Greeks sit spellbound, listening to a play of Sophocles or Aeschylus in contest. Far out in the center of the throng the play is being acted. The audience is thrilled. From sunrise to sunset they sit and listen to the play, weeping at the misfortunes of the hero, chuckling at the wit, plotting tensely, smiling when the gods decree to the hero good fortune. They sit tense, hushed, attentive, intent on the play, all the vast multitude. Afterwards they contend in the athletic games, in the foot races, the boxing matches, chariot races, in hurling the javelin and discus. Then comes forward Pindar, and a great ode commemorates the victor in the games. Thus the festival passes, and for four years, Olympia is deserted.

We are positive today that our lives are cultured, are romantic, are roseately colored with good fortune. We are equally certain that the life of the ancients was circumscribed and narrowly confined, but let me reiterate with Wordsworth:

"Great God. I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;

Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

So might I have glimpses of old Triton, of old Proteus, of Poseidon with his three-pronged spear; so might I wander with Odysseus over the face of the earth for ten years, and brave the blighting blasts of Hades, to at last come home over the black waves of the sea and slay the insolent suitors of Penelope; so might I stumble around the craggy Samos with the blind bard, he whom, after death, seven cities claimed; so might I stand and fight side by side with Achilles against the valiant Trojans, and sleep on the plain before Ilium, whereon a thousand fires twinkle into the night until the rosy-fingered Dawn shines forth; so might I endure with Socrates and drink peacefully the hemlock; so might I harangue the demos with a silvery flow of words with the spirit of a great patriot; so might I wander with the white-souled Maro among the Sabine fields and streams, and live with him his pure life, or chuckle with Horace at the foibles of the Roman people, or hear resound from the Forum Tully's magniloquent speeches, met with a thunderous applause from the crowd; so might I have a vision of these things that would make me less forlorn, I would say with Wordsworth:

"I'd rather be a pagan suckled in a
creed outworn."

Is not this education, indeed, the only real education? Is it not the only real culture, is the life founded on this culture not the only life worth living? If our lives are to be pleasurable to us, if it is to be unconfined within narrow boundaries, must we not feel as Keats did, when he first read Homer in Chapman?

"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise."

To study the two languages, and, through them, the two civilizations, is like looking through a microscope at a flower which has heretofore possessed little of interest, or like passing from the hot sun into the verdant greenness of a forest with avenues and lanes of trees, and copses hidden and unexplored. It is like an exploration, or as if suddenly we found ourselves on Mars, and began to look about us. We should find, possibly, a life as complex, as intense as our own. The Greek world is only another world to learn, another planet with all its new forms of life.

Beauty is the fundamental note of education, or should be, if we are to accomplish the ultimate ideals of our lives. For our lives are a striving after the Beautiful, an incessant seeking after it, and our lives, if properly conducted, should themselves result in some realization of the Beautiful. The Beautiful seems to me to be synonymous with the goal of all endeavor: Happiness, for we certainly shall not find it without the Beautiful.

Our lives, then, are to be always directed toward beauty, and education, since it alone, both in its natural and artificial sense, fits us to acomplish this end, must have as its goal an attempt to make us spiritually and mentally aesthetic. If we are not trained as rigorously, as accurately in the perception of beauty as a scientist is in his laboratory, then our education has failed of its highest purpose. For

we do not live to make money, or to acquire material things, but to enjoy our life to the fullest degree. We want to LIVE, not, as Wordsworth says:

"The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers."

Use our powers to make money, and with the attrition of our vigorous faculties, be unable to find within ourselves the fullness which should accompany the close of a noble life. Keats well says, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever; it will never pass into nothingness, but will keep a bower quiet for us and sweet dreams for our waking hours." This is the expanse and affords to the old man a life as joyous, as full, as to the young man. This is the education which does not diminish with the withdrawal from contact with the world.

There is dire need for more effective and greatly increased study of the classics in our colleges. In them we find the epitomization of the Beautiful, the expression of all that is beautiful to a people whose conception of beauty was supreme, whether artistically or physically. Their productions, necessarily, were preeminently a reflection of their minds, and they have further the sanction of the sifting of Time. Therefore, if we reason with the coldest logic, we must admit that there is great need for the study of the classics, since association is a first method of learning. We become what we live with. Since this is true, and since we see clearly what we wish to become, there is no doubt as to what we should do.

Men of today, as, of course, also of other times, are singularly peculiar. Ostensibly, we demand beauty. If an automobile is offered to us, we always think more in terms of its beauty than of its engine. To suit the American taste, the manufacturers are constantly altering their products. We must have beautiful homes, beautiful clothes, beautiful streets. We eradicate the ugly. Every spectacle must be aesthetic. A football game is well attended because of the beautiful rhythm and precision in the machine and the beauty in the athlete's body. We like to have every hair in place and our shoes shined. Yet—when we examine a matter where it should be imperative for us to develop the beautiful, we repudiate it. When we should create a taste for the greatest literature, we read the cheapest or none. We completely ignore art in all stages except the cinema. We create no taste except for the vapid and expect it to reward us later. But a nation's strength and posterity depend on these things which we are casting away to a great extent.

It is futile to speak of the usefulness and the accomplishments of Science in opposition to the advantages of the "belle lettres." Granted that Science has done an enormous lot to alleviate the physcial suffering of a people, it has never made a man or a machine that can in any wise be educated, not even in the slightest meaning of the word. It has made the "robot," the "mechanical man." There are too many "robots" existing now, without the slightest notion of culture, of religion, of education. Science has made great advances mechanically. But as one writer says, "It has made of the drunken hack-driver of old, a modern, powerful

gangster." Would you prefer the gangster or the other? Which is capable of the more harm?

There are no more ardent advocates for the study of Humanism than Scientists themselves. Teachers of Science report that in most cases they find the best student of Science has been thoroughly grounded in the classics. More Scientists are fully aware that their subjects cannot afford them a full life and they are not content to stay within their own subject. Nor is there any Humanist or teacher of the Classics that claims that his subject alone will give the student a liberal education. The Humanist is willing to embrace as many phases of life as possible. This the usual student will not do. But if there must be a choice between Science and Classicism, let it be rather the latter. Or if it must be Sciences, let the choice come as late as possible. Let the specilization come as late as possible in order that the background may be as firm, as large, and as well-filled out as compatible with the time.

A classical education and its great benefits it confers cannot be too highly esteemed. It is something like a great singer's voice; there is the great strength, and above it, the overtones which color and make the tone glow with feeling. Or it is like a view from the mountain, when we see the nearby landscape clearly and have a vision of the distant skies through a haze of romance. There is that quality about this culture which, though unseen and esoteric, is yet more strongly felt because it cannot be easily and indiscriminately determined.

MEMORIES

By Clyde A. Nelson

An old sweetheart passed by today.
She smiled and stopped to sweetly say
She hoped I remembered her—
The girl who used to be
Sweetheart to me.

The same old girl, the same old smile,
I used to dream of all the while,
And now I have forgotten her—
The girl who used to be
Sweetheart to me.

THE MASTERPIECE

By Edward Gilmore

DONALD BORDEN was a young and promising commercial artist. He had light brown hair, gray eyes, a poetic soul, and an ambition to place his name before the world of art. Although irritated by being forced to commercialize his work, he vowed that he would not let commercialism smother his talent or the artistic temperament of his soul. "Some day," he told himself, gritting his teeth, "I'll paint a masterpiece." Still, he continued at his bread-winning labor, at the same time awaiting an inspiration. Now, Don, as a commercial artist, specialized in painting portraits of beautiful young ladies of the type which smile and flirt with you from magazine covers. He had a knack for such work, and could, when the mood struck him, paint a portrait of a girl in a bewitching pose with marvelous ease and swiftness. It would be naturally inferred that Don had a weakness for the fair sex, but such was not the case. Of course, there were a number of young ladies among his friends. They served as a diversion from his work. However, he did not consider women seriously, although they helped him, in a way, to earn his livelihood. Unconsciously, he studied the faces of the girls he passed in the street or met at parties, retaining mentally the images of the more attractive ones to use in his work.

There was one young lady among his acquaintances who seemed persistent in her efforts to increase and strengthen the friendship between them. Her name was Janice Burton. Mary Bryant introduced her to him at a dinner she was giving. The introduction was by the request of Janice, who was struck by Don's brown hair, his gray eyes, and his nonchalance. The languid Don, however, did not appear to be very much impressed with her perfect blond beauty, blue eyes inclusive. He lighted a cigarette and cast a bored glance over the assemblage. Janice wanted to start a conversation.

"Mr. Borden," she asked with an engaging smile, "what is your profession?"

The cigarette nearly fell from Don's lips. He, one of America's foremost cover artists and judges of feminine beauty, and she had not heard of him! Surely she was joking, but no,—the expression in her eyes was one of innocent curiosity. Finally he regained mental equilibrium and a firmer hold upon his cigarette.

"I paint for a living," he answered simply.

"Paint what?" she asked.

Grimly he restrained his temper and retained his patience.

"Pictures. I am a cover artist and paint designs for magazine covers."

"Oh!"

After that meeting, Don thought no more of her until one day she and Mary Bryant dropped into his studio for a few minutes visit. He was, at the moment, rushing off a cover design for the Green Book Magazine. Janice glanced about his studio, silently noticing the large curtained windows which allowed plenty of sunlight to enter, the portraits on the walls, unfinished canvases and

models lying about on tables and chairs, drawing boards, brushes, partly filled paint tubes, and the general litter of things.

"Please be seated," he said, scarcely looking up. "I have to finish this as soon as possible."

The two disregarded his invitation, and going over to where he stood, watched him deftly paint the lights and shadows on the golden hair of a smiling beauty.

"It's gorgeous!" said Mary Bryant.

"Thank you. But really, this is only a hurried work for a magazine cover. Wait just a moment and I will show you a portrait I painted recently." He laid his palette and brush aside and walked over to a table. Taking up a canvas, he turned towards them. The canvas which he held was the portrait of a young Latin woman in a pensive mood. Her dark hair, dark eyes, and soft olive complexion were splendidly done.

"Pardon my saying it, but I think this is one of the best I've ever painted. I'm going to enter it with my collection at the art exhibition next month. Don't you think she is a perfect brunette, Miss Burton?"

What a question to ask of a blonde!

"I think she's lovely," Janice glibly lied, experiencing a touch of jealousy.

The touch of jealousy remained in her, and for some time she ignored Don and his work. But she could not continue the coldness, her interest was too deep. Secretly, she bought copies of the magazines on which he had done cover work and made a scrapbook of his paintings. This book she constantly went over, hating and admiring at the same time the charming portraits. To her delight, Don seemed to have taken a slight interest in her, and she contrived so that they met often, and in an apparently accidental manner, at parties, dinners, shows, and the country club. Once she summoned up enough courage to telephone him and invite him to play tennis.

"I would like to," he began, "but, really, I'm awfully busy finishing up some work for my collection. You see, the exhibition opens next week, and I am anxious to win some sort of recognition. Wish you could see the picture I've just completed. I believe it's my masterpiece."

"Is it a portrait?"

"Yes. And—"

"Of a girl?"

"Yes. Of the most beautiful girl I've ever seen. Really, you should—"

Click! went the receiver. She had hung up. Don returned to his work muttering something about "no one having any sympathy for his art."

A week later, Janice eagerly read the long newspaper account of the opening of the exhibition. Her heart pounded excitedly when she saw another article with the headlines:

YOUNG ARTIST WINS SUCCESS

Donald Borden Paints a Masterpiece

Reading the article, she found that Don was receiving much praise from the art critics and the public for his collection, and especially for a certain portrait of a girl. Probably it was the brunette he had shown to Mary Bryant and herself. The old jealousy flared up and she resolved not to pay any more attention to him and his work, but again her deep interest in him prevailed, and as the acclaim for his portrait increased,

so did her desire to see it. Finally she yielded and went to the exhibition. She entered the art building late one afternoon, knowing that there would be few visitors there at that time. She passed down a hall lined with statuary and turned into the large exhibition section. An attendant directed her to Don's collection. Hastily she passed the various groups, only glancing at the many etchings, water color paintings, and oil paintings. The part of the building into which she went was nearly deserted. She would be able to study his work at her leisure. At last she stopped before his collection and looked along the coveted eye level for the masterpiece. There it was in the very middle! She caught her breath and her eyes opened wider. Could that be a mirror? No, it was a portrait of herself! The surprise stunned her for a moment, and she could only stand there and stare at the painting. Finally her eyes dropped to the card hanging directly beneath the frame. It read thus: "Donald Borden's Ideal American Girl."

"Don't you think it's perfect, Miss Burton?" asked a voice behind her.

She turned and looked straight into the smiling eyes of Donald Borden himself.

"Why, it's — it's — your work is marvelous!" exclaimed Janice. "I'm so thrilled!"

"I knew you'd like it."

"Don, it was silly of me, but I was jealous of all those girls you painted. I'm not now. I think they are beautiful." Her eyes became roguish. "And Don—"

"Yes?"

"Do you really mean what you have on the card beneath my picture?"

The smile on Don's face was suddenly camouflaged by a slight frown. His eyes assumed a mock seriousness.

"Well, Jan," he said, puckering his brows, "I meant it when it was first placed there, but after thinking it over, I've decided that I would like very much to change it."

"Change it?" she asked, unable to conceal the note of disappointment in her voice.

The smile returned to his face.

"Yes. With your consent, I am going to change it so that it will read: "Donald Borden's Ideal American Wife."

LISTENING IN

"God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!"
—Kipling.

"O'er all the hill-tops
Is quiet now,
In all the tree-tops
Hearest thou
Hardly a breath;
The birds are asleep in the trees:
Wait; soon like these
Thou too shalt rest."—Goethe.

"When lovely woman stoops to folly
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?"
—Goldsmith.

"The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth."
—Shakespeare.

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."
—Gray.

"Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me."
—Tennyson.

"To thine own self be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."
—Shakespeare.

"Lives of great men oft remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints in the sands of time."
—Longfellow.

"So live, that when thy summons come to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Then go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."
—Bryant.

Wofford College Journal

Established 1889

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Entered at the postoffice, Spartanburg, S. C., as second-class matter.

THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL is published seven times a year, on the fifteenth of the month, by the Student Body.

Subscription per year, $1.25.

EDITORIALS

Finis

With this issue, "The Journal" closes another year. In a way, we have enjoyed the experience and are glad that the privilege was ours. And again, we are rather relieved that it's all through. It has been hard work, pleasant at times, thankless and boresome at times. We have had material printed this year of which we are proud, and also we have printed what might be justly called "trash." Some months we have had the privilege of choosing the best, and at other times, every contribution went in. We wish to thank those who have faithfully helped with the magazine this year. —J.C.O.

Combining

Probably next year "The Old Gold and Black" and "The Journal" will be combined. It is the only wise solution to the difficult problem. There is no longer room for both publications. This has been conclusively demonstrated this year. With the finances combined, increased advertising and a larger subscription list, there is no reason why "The Old Gold and Black" should not be published every week, that is about thirty times during the year. Once each month, or about eight times during the school year, there would be a literary supplement to the weekly, which would contain the same material now printed in "The Journal."

Next year, Wofford should have a live weekly paper with a good monthly literary supplement. —J.C.O.

The Fourth Estate

What is a newspaper? This is a time-honored question, and yet is worthy of consideration. The average person never considers where they came from, their history and their functions.

A newspaper is a great social institution, equally as important as law or other great institutions. These are pledged to the accomplishments of certain ends in society. We, as students, study them in terms of the functions they perform. The only way, then, to understand what a newspaper is, is to learn to understand what it does.

Newspapers perform many and varied functions. A study of the history of newspaper publishing reveals the fact that the emphasis given certain functions varies from time to time. At one period one dominates, at another, another. Certain localities, too, have effects on the paper. The style of the paper varies from time to time and from paper to paper. To the ordinary reader, the daily paper is merely a diversion, or some form of amusement. The first thing the paper

does is to inform us as to the daily trend of current affairs. Next they give the reader a great amount of useful and necessary information which is practical. They teach us how to dress or the latest styles in houses. Then they entertain. We must have our comic strips. Last, but not least, they perform the advertising function.

The most dominant of these is, without doubt, the entertaining feature. These sketches are news, but they are usually selected and written for some definite purpose. One editor has written: "Stories of romance and adventure have wide appeal, for they are a means of escape from the deadly monotony of daily life. They lift one out of the rut and hum-drum of their affairs—take him out of the office and shop, help him to get away from the narrow cell of his own spirits." This is proof of the trend the papers are taking today. The newspaper always has and will always have to give the public what it demands. Why does the paper run a streamer across the headline giving an account of a hanging or a murder? It is the incessant demand of the reader for adventure and excitement.

There was a time when this was not true. When the circulation of the papers was limited to a few, when all the people did not read, there was a different kind of newspaper. Now circulation is unlimited. Everybody reads the paper every day. The editor of the Fort Worth Press says: "The newspaper audience is an audience of lonely people, poor people, starved for romance—it is an audience of wealthy people, sated with thrills, —and still hungry for something; it is an audience of uneducated people; it is an audience of bright people and Morons; it is an audience of sick people and well people. It is a vast audience with a variety of tastes and desires and needs."

The newspaper of today gives all this to us and reflects this spirit. It prints news which reflects the emotions of all this great group.

Most of the criticism thrown against the modern newspaper comes from the fact that the critics think still of newspapers in terms of uplifting information and scholarly discussion of the things that are important. They can't seem to realize that the trend of things have changed and that the papers have been forced to change with them. They refuse to take them for what they really are.

Critics who find a certain pleasure in pointing out the faults of our modern newspaper and showing them what they ought to do can be compared to the individual who sits for the photographer and then blames him because the likeness is not a thing of beauty and a joy forever. The paper cannot reflect everything and still be a newspaper. The real newspaper approaches perfection when it attempts to represent the news of the day in its proper light and each item designated in its proper place. The editor may not, at his own discretion, include or exclude news, play it up or play it down. If he does this, he isn't fair to his readers. The relative social importance of the news should determine its relative news value.

A. V. Atwood says: "There is little chance for the ideal newspaper until a new age, a golden age of culture and beauty, has been ushered in. There are indications that the tide is turning, but not until it does will the newspapers take their color from the culture and beauty of the age." —C.A.N.

SUCH THINGS AS BOOKS

WILLIAM A. WOFFORD, *Editor*

"CHRISTINE"

By Julian Green

This new volume is this author's first book of short stories. Let it be said right here that Julian Green is this reviewer's favorite of all the authors now writing novels. To me, he is not only the most powerful of all living novelists, but our only novelist worthy of comparison with Poe. Mr. Green, in each of his four books, creates that dark, morbid and bitter hopeless frustration of the tragedy of life. He is interested essentially in people, gravely concerned with their twistings and turnings under the buffetings of chance.

As in "Avarice House" and "The Dark Journey," these stark, bleak stories are not cheerful tales. But their power raises them to the serenity of tragedy. To dismiss them as morbid is to ignore the fact that it is just from such despised emotions that the great tragedies like "Hamlet" are drawn.

"Christine and Other Stories" tells of a group of warped and unhappy lives in a dull French town. It is a powerful, magnificent work — as terrible and beautiful as an August electric storm.

"PURE GOLD"

O. E. Rolvaag

"Giants In the Earth" still remains the fullest, finest, and most powerful novel of the soil that has been written about pioneer life in America. Then came that successful companion, "Peder Victorious." Now comes "Pure Gold," and although not quite as strong and vital as "Giants In the Earth," yet this new novel far surpasses "Peder Victorious." It was thought that he could never approach that first fine book, but he has unquestionably repeated his success in "Pure Gold."

"Pure Gold" is sordid, stark and poignantly realistic. One can not read its tragic pages without being aware that one is face to face with greatness. When Louis Hauglum and Lizzie Oien married, they had joy in each other and pride in their farm. But one day Louis returned with a brand new gold piece in his hand. "See, Lizzie, this is pure gold!" he said, and dropped it on the table to let her hear the deep ring it gave. So simply did tragedy come in their lives. The climax in this story of two simple lives rises to a tremendous pitch, terrifying in its power. Once read, "Pure Gold" will always be remembered.

"THE PARTY DRESS"

By Joseph Hergesheimer

This new book is bound to be something of an event, since it is this author's first novel since 1926. Whatever gift of grace and smoothness Mr. Hergesheimer may possess, it has never been shown to greater advantage than in "The Party Dress." Not since "Cytherea" and "Java Head" has he touched more than the fringe of the beauty that appears in this book.

You will be amazed that any man should so know the soul of a woman as Mr. Hergesheimer knows the soul of Nina Henry. Nina

was one of the most attractive matrons of Eastlake. She was slim and fashionable and still pretty at forty. She had a successful husband, Wilson Henry, who bored her now a little, and who was beginning to grow fat, and also, she had two children who were well up in their teens. Yet Nina Henry, like all the other sophisticated women at the Country Club dances, was undeniably restless and dissatisfied. When she bought a ravishing party dress from Paris, it transformed her, by the subtlety of its lines, from an attractive and respectable young matron into a gorgeously beautiful woman. And the first night she wore it, she met Chalke Ewing and fell deeply and violently in love. The author has painted brilliantly the emotional disturbances of a middle-aged wife and her attempt to seize the beauty of life before it slips away.

You will have the best kind of time reading "The Party Dress," for it's sparkling, witty and gay, and romantically beautiful.

BRIEF REVIEWS

"Cimarron"—Edna Ferber. This is a book any author might well be proud to have written. Had Edna Ferber not written that romantically beautiful and colorful "Show Boat," this work would have been her masterpiece. But "Cimarron," although now the leading best-seller in America, is not the grand, wonderful book "Show Boat" is. Yancy Cravat, the leading figure in this book, is a romantic figure, but not as much as Gaylord Ravenal, of "Show Boat" fame. However, this is a magnificent work.

"The Door" — Mary Roberts Rinehart. This is by no means comparable to "The Circular Staircase." It starts promisingly, but drags toward the middle and is very weak at the end. The title has nothing whatever to do with it. It is certainly nothing to rave about, and is quite disappointing.

"Uncle Sam"—John Erskine. This is the weakest and most boring book of the season. It is no credit to John Erskine after having written "Adam and Eve" and "Helen of Troy." It is not worth reading.

"Look Homeward, Angel"—Thomas Wolf. Here is one of the most exquisitely beautiful works of fiction that has been written this year. It's the poignant yet simple story of the rise and fall of an American family. By all means, read this lovely book, for it is sure to endure.

"African Harvest"—Nora Stevenson. A powerful story of the soil in a South African setting concerning a family of Boer farmers struggling against the advance of civilization. Written with a rugged beauty and keen understanding of elemental emotions.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

JOHNNIE MAY, *Editor*

"THE CONCEPT"
Converse College

A very interesting magazine was put out at Converse in April. It contains a variety of excellent and well-balanced material. Probably the outstanding contribution is the short story, "Drayton," written by Miss Effie Leland. It is very good. We consider Miss Leland the most valuable contributor to "The Concept" during the past year.

The poetry is unusually good this month. Converse has published a very attractive magazine this year and the girls are to be congratulated! —J.C.O.

"THE WESLEYAN"
Wesleyan College

The Peter Pan Number of "The Wesleyan" is the best college magazine that we have ever had the privilege of reading. It may sound extravagant, but we believe that it's the truth.

The entire magazine is attractively arranged. The illustrations are apt and the material is unusually well written and interesting. We were especially partial to "Southern Belle"; "Lord Chesterfield, Jr."; "Fog"; "On Dress Parade"; and "Romance a la Carte."

Congratulations on your "Wesleyan" for the year. —J.C.O.

"THE CRITERION"
Columbia College

The first thing we wish to say about the March issue of "The Criterion" is that it contains a really excellent editorial on "Why Go Abroad This Summer." It contains interesting information and is well written.

The serial, "Justice," ends this month and covers more than half of the entire magazine. This story was very good, but a little long for a college magazine.

Among the poems, "Star Luck" and "To a Violet" are the best.

"The Criterion" is a very interesting and attractive publication. —J.C.O.

"THE EROTHESIAN"
Lander College

The outstanding article in the April "Erothesian" is the essay, "L'Avare and the Merchant of Venice." It is something new and the contrast and comparison of these two famous dramas is well worth reading.

Two other excellent contributions are "The Pot of Love," a play, and "Family Interference," a story. There are six poems, each of which is good.

"The Erothesian" for April is a proof of the continued improvement of Lander's publication. There has been an improvement each month. —J.C.O.

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